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JOB

Illustrated by William Blake

JOB'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS OVERWHELMED BY SATAN.

"While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house:

"And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, * * * and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead."—Job, Chapter 1, Verses 18 and 19.

THE VISION OF ELIPHAZ, JOB'S FRIEND.

"Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up:

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,

"Shall mortal man be more just than God?" Job, Chapter 4, Verses 15 to 17.

SATAN SMITES JOB WITH BOILS.

"So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown." Job, Chapter 2, Verse 7.

JOB REBUKED BY HIS FRIENDS.

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty." Job, Chapter 5, Verse 17.

THE illustrations of the Book of Job are the chief works of William Blake, that strange, mystical, prime English artist of the early Nineteenth Century.

The inspired genius of Blake has done much to make the world understand the grandeur of the Book of Job, to appreciate its pastoral beauty and to see how the primitive, almost prehistoric story applies to the sufferings and despair of man today.

Before Blake completed his Job series of engravings he was reduced to the last extremes of poverty and despair. He was compelled to sell his precious collection of monochromous prints for $125, whereas in recent years his set of water-color drawings of Job was purchased for $20,000 by J. Pierpont Morgan and now forms one of the chief treasures of the Morgan Library. It would have been a joyful surprise for poor Blake if this financial appreciation could have come to him in his lifetime.

Blake made five sets of illustrations for the Book of Job, with certain differences between them. All these illustrations, including the water-color designs, pencil drawings and engravings, are now reproduced in facsimile and published by the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, with an introduction by Laurence Binyon, late Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, and Dr. Geoffrey Keynes.

The Book of Job is really one of the most interesting of all works of literature and Blake was the ideal man to interpret this book. It is a superb poem as proved by such familiar passages as: "The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," and, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

Job appears on the scene as a wealthy God-fearing man living in the land of Uz. Satan, seeking to do some evil, appears before the Lord, who says:

"Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?"

After this, Satan vilely sets out to plague Job so that he will renounce God. He sends enemies who kill his servants and cattle. Even natural disasters like fire from Heaven befall the unhappy man, destroying his house and killing his sons and daughters. But still Job will not curse God, saying only, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Satan then plagues Job with dreadful boils from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, so that even his wife urges him to curse God. But still Job will not sin.

Then his three friends come to mourn with him and stay seven days. After that he curses, saying:

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived."

At length God speaks to Job in a vision and puts a series of questions to him to illustrate the greatness of the Creator as compared with the littleness of man. Thus Job is brought back to his true position of faith and devotion and a philosophical view of life. He acknowledges God's chastening and prays for his friends who are rebuked by God for their harshness. At the end Job is more prosperous than at the beginning.

In this Bible epic the whole story of a man's struggle against undeserved misfortunes, the feast of courage, endurance and restoration, the wonders of Nature and the final reward of faith, are told with unsurpassed eloquence.

And William Blake, who was himself a remarkable poet, has illustrated the story with peculiarly deep feeling for reasons that will be explained more fully next Sunday.

(Concluded Next Sunday)

Preserving The Vanishing Old Paris In Picturesque Miniature

Year by year the streets of Paris are undergoing a great change. In the name of progress the picks and spades of the wreckers are pulling down whole streets of buildings that, in the eyes of the older natives and of visiting tourists, give the French capital much of its flavor and charm.

But thanks to the enthusiasm and skill of an American architect by the name of Alexander, a record is being kept of many vanishing landmarks through a series of miniature models, accurate to the smallest detail. The photograph at the right of the page shows Mr. Alexander at work on a diminutive street scene that can no longer be found because the old structures have been razed and modern stores and tenements have gone up in their place.

For weeks the artist stayed in this section of the city making sketches, taking photographs, measuring doorways, windows and slanting roofs topped by clusters of chimney pots. When he was through he knew that he could reproduce the scene "in little," as artists say, and leave out not even the least detail of the setting.

Several weeks ago several of the completed miniatures were put on exhibition at the Salon Americain and all the Parisian newspapers gave columns of enthusiastic words to the work of this skilled foreigner who seems to have taken more interest in Paris than any of the native-born artists who might be expected to do some such thing for their beloved metropolis.

One eminent French architect, familiar with the city's older quarters for more than half a century, described the models as "the finest things of their kind that ever have been made, in France or elsewhere. It is all but impossible," he said, "to believe that miniatures could be fashioned so accurately and realistically."

A Cluster of Realistic Rooftops in the Tenement Section, Preserved in This Miniature After the Section Was Wiped Out for the Sake of Public Health. The Artist Has Omitted No Detail.

A Miniature of the Familiar Magazine and Newspaper Kiosk, One of the Colorful Landmarks of the Old Section.

Mr. Alexander at Work on a Set of Partly Demolished Tenements Which Will Be Always Identified by the Signs Which He Has Reproduced.

One French magazine ran a series of photographs of the models without explaining that they were works of art made in a studio, and thousands of readers believed that the pictures were "shots" of full-sized buildings.

Mr. Alexander modestly declines to say that his models are masterpieces, but he will talk about them with anyone who is interested in such things. In a recent interview with an American newspaperman visiting Paris he said: "I think the models are the best possible way of keeping an interesting record which would otherwise be lost. It is not easy to make them and they take shape very slowly, there are so many little items to be taken into consideration. It is not difficult to get the right physical proportions of the buildings, but it is a problem to preserve the atmosphere of the locale. There is only one way to do that—by making every little shutter, balcony, rain pipe, shop sign and window pane exactly right."

Color, says the American architect, is as important as form. It is seldom that any two of the buildings that have been doomed to make way for more comfortable and sanitary ones are painted the same shade, if they are painted at all. Some of them are wood that has weathered for generations. To get this important detail accurate he makes what he calls "color notes," jotting down splotches of paint and numbering these little daubs of pigment so that he can get exactly the right effect when he is putting the finishing touches on one of his models.

It is probable that, some day, all the miniatures will be gathered together and be given a place of honor in one of the city's museums but, at the moment, the artist is too busy checking up on old buildings that are about to be demolished and making his surprisingly accurate notes to think of what may become of the masterpieces in the future.

The most interested spectators to the exhibition at the Salon Americain were people who had at one time or another, lived in some of the houses which have disappeared. The acclaim of these people is the strongest proof that the artist is doing a hard job with rare feeling and skill.

One retired French merchant exclaimed, "I was born in that house and I remember that one of the parlor windows was twisted a little—there's the very window, twist and all."

Another visitor to the show was so impressed with the models that he offered Mr. Alexander an extravagant sum of money to work out a miniature of his chateau on the outskirts of Paris. The architect refused the commission because there are so many doomed street scenes that he wants to preserve before they are gone.

England's Butterfly Farm, a Many-Sided Industry

Many jokes have been written about the absent-minded scientists who, in the Spring and Summer, go browsing through the fields chasing butterflies with a net. To the average person this seems about the least profitable occupation that anyone could indulge in, but there's money in butterflies and their cousins, the moths, if the job is done right.

In the little village of Bexley, about 12 miles outside the limits of London, is a butterfly farm where raising and feeding the beautiful insects has become a science and a business which pays big dividends. The farm was established some 40 years ago by Mr. L. Newman and is operated by himself and his son, Hugh.

Every year several thousand mounted butterflies and moths are shipped from the workshop of the farm to private collectors, schools and colleges, milliners and manufacturers of knicknacks for the home. Every one of the winged creatures is a perfect specimen, raised under special conditions and especially treated by a secret process which preserves the wings and brings out all their beauty of coloring.

Butterflies, according to the Newmans, bring a high price, and there isn't much competition in the business because few people have the knowledge, the equipment or the patience to raise them on a large scale.

The butterfly farmers learned from costly experience that there are certain rules which have to be followed if the insects are to successfully raised for market. They discovered, among other things, that under natural conditions, there is an extremely high mortality rate for butterflies-to-be when they are in the egg and getting ready to hatch as ugly little caterpillars. A female butterfly, what with so many natural enemies around, seldom hatches more than two or three per cent of the eggs she lays. In captivity the British butterfly farmers have, time and again, induced the insects to bring out a 100 per cent crop of youngsters. But this took a bit of doing because a mother butterfly just won't produce unless her surroundings seem natural and unless conditions are exactly right. For example, some of the females refuse to eat unless the sun shines and, in a spell of foggy or stormy weather, they frequently go on a hunger strike and starve to death. The Newmans had batteries of special cages built with glass tops. This glass is of the sort that lets the ultra-violet rays through. If the sun doesn't shine they roll artificial sunlight lamps into their breeding houses and provide their charges with scientific ultra-violet.

These cages have to be very carefully designed. They have enough fine mesh on their sides so that the insects get plenty of fresh air and the boxes are raised on stilts placed in deep buckets of water. This is a precaution against such predatory enemies as spiders and ants who have a fondness for butterfly eggs.

During the cold weather the eggs are kept in specially made glass containers but the little caterpillars that crawl out of the eggs don't like glass houses and have to be moved about as soon as they are born. At the butterfly farm the handling of the tiny crawlers is a fine art and the job usually is done with soft camel's hair brushes in order not to bruise the newcomers.

The caterpillars are immediately put on plants and bushes on which is natural for them to feed at this stage in their existence, but they can't be left to the mercy of the birds and their insect enemies so these plants and bushes are covered with big muslin bags which the Newmans call "sleeves." The bags let in plenty of fresh air and light but keep the birds away from the homely little squirmers that, later on, will change their form and be transformed into beautiful butterflies.

The butterfly farm has extensive gardens filled with bright and fragrant flowers—blossoms that have the kind of nectar that butterflies prefer. Half a dozen gardeners spend all their time keeping these plots up.

The elder Mr. Newman, in a recent talk over the network of the British Broadcasting Company, said, "I've been chasing butterflies for almost half a century and I advise anyone who doesn't like long, hard work to go into something else."

The Giant and Four Midgets of a Traveling Show, Photographed in London at the Start of a South African Tour. Note How the Little People Seem to Be Mere Babies in the Arms of the Gentleman Who Towers Eight Feet Above Ground.

Long and Short of the Show Troupe

LONDON.

THE other day travelers in Paddington Station paused in their rush to and from trains to gaze on as strange a sight as they ever had seen on or off the stage. There on the platform stood the tallest human being within their memory with two of the smallest people on earth held in his arms. Four other midgets aimed beside him, though only two of them appear in the photograph.

Of course this real-life Gulliver is no show himself, so are his diminutive pals. In fact the seven of them recently made a tour of the British Isles and of theaters on the Continent. They made a great hit wherever they went because the big fellow, exceptionally tall, claiming to be the longest man in the world, and the midgets are among the tiniest of what are called "the little people."

The big fellow, unlike most "freaks" who grow and grow because their glands get out of order, is rather handsome in appearance and is unusually well formed. He reached his growth soon after his 20th birthday and with his hat on, reaches about eight feet and a hair from the ground. By actual measurement, in his stocking feet, he is eight feet and one inch tall.

When the photograph above was snapped the troupe was about to leave the British capital for a tour of South Africa. The midgets were delighted at the prospect of taking a long sea trip and planned to go from South Africa to Australia and from there, perhaps, to the Orient, before returning to England.

The giant didn't look forward to the tour with nearly so much pleasure as his little partners. In all the traveling he has done on trains and ships he says, he never has found a bed long enough for him or a table under which he can fold up his elongated legs. Only when he's at home, where the furniture is made to his measure, does he enjoy much comfort.

The big fellow, who is less of the troupe, was born in Australia and so was the little chap he's holding in his hand-like right hand. They know one another before they left "the Land Down Under" to travel around the world and make capital of their physical abnormality. As they went along they picked up the other four midgets to assist them with their act.

Now You Can Type Music

The Newly Invented Typewriter for Writing Music Which Has Made Its Appearance in Germany. It Is the Invention of Gust Roudstatler, of Frankfort.

COMPOSERS all over the world are interested in a new kind of typewriter recently perfected by one Gust Roudstatler of Frankfort, Germany. In general form the machine looks like any other modern typewriter, but instead of printing the letters of the alphabet this device actually writes notes and other musical symbols on sheets of paper provided with the familiar lines and spaces.

For several months the music typewriter has been undergoing tests in the hands of composers and orchestrators whose job it is to write music so that they and others can play from the symbols they set down. Without exception these men say that the machine is a complete success and they predict that it will soon be in used all over the world.

The type keys, instead of the usual A B C's, are fitted with every sort of note used in music from full notes all the way down to sixteenth notes. Other keys print the little bars connecting notes, the traditional signs for the bass and treble cleff and a dozen other notable characters.

A special mechanism for spacing had to be devised so that the notes could be typed in the proper lines and spaces, but the inventor got around that problem very nicely.

After a little practice one well-known German composer, who already knew how to use a typewriter, found that he could set down music, ready to play, in less than half the time that it took him to write the characters by hand.

One of the Many Styles of Coiffure Using Real Butterflies From the Novel Farm in Kent.

Home Cooking Won the Heiress But Couldn't Keep Love Alive

End of the Romance of the $7,000,000 Woolen Princess, the Saxophone Player and the Boiled New England Dinners That Softened Papa's Heart

Lorraine and Stanley Harris, Posing for a Honeymoon Picture.

When That Home-Cooked Dinner Was Served at the Harris Home, Millionaire Kaufman, Beaming With Delight, Had Second and Third "Helpings," and Daughter Lorraine Seemed Quite as Delighted, and When, After About a Week, She Eloped With Young Mr. Harris, Papa Made No Objections.

Lorraine Kaufman Harris, the Woolen Heiress Who Eloped With Musician Harris, and Has Recently Divorced Him.

The Picturesque Home of the Kaufmans at Santa Barbara, Cal., and the Harris House in Boston, Where Mr. Kaufman Enjoyed Mrs. Harris's Cooking

WHEN Lorraine Kaufman, the $7,000,000 woolen heiress of Santa Barbara, Cal., agreed to marry handsome Stanley G. Harris, saxophone player of Lynn, Massachusetts, she says he promised to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed as the darling daughter of Leon K. Kaufman, international woolen magnate and ocean steamship director.

Lorraine was lonesome for love or something at the time, but even that would not explain how she imagined this could be done on a saxophone player's salary. Her father, with a pencil and pad, might have shown her that this would be at least as hard as for a rich man to get into Heaven. But she could not very well ask him because she eloped while he was taking his afternoon nap.

Anyway, Stanley did not keep the "woolen princess" in the proper royal style. To her "great humiliation," as she told the Reno divorce court, she had to keep right on letting her father pay the bills until he died and, after that, she would have had to pay them out of her own seven-million-dollar pocket if she hadn't divorced Stanley for non-support and alleged cruelty.

The divorce came just in time to save the could-be-millionaires from having to defend a suit by the saxophone player for separate maintenance allowance. That he, a man, should have the nerve to ask the courts of Massachusetts to order her, a woman, to contribute to his support was so painful that she hated it as one of the chief cruelty charges in her divorce complaint.

The unhappy Stanleys, now twenty-five years old, tell a different story about his twenty-three-year-old wife. He says it was the lonesome heiress who did the pleading, assuring him that if he married her, he would never have to worry about anything the rest of his life. Instead, though she paid the rent and other bills, he says that lovely Lorraine no longer innocently saw no need of furnishing him with any pocket money. According to Stanley he would have been as penniless as a pet dog, if he hadn't, to his "great humiliation," been forced to get money from his father. Mr. Aaron Harris, a well-known music teacher. The romance started out in inconspicuous

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worthy of the popular comic, "Bringing Up Father."

"Hey! Handsome, come over and meet a couple of mournful millionaires," a girl friend shouted at Stanley, in the Summer of 1934. That title of "handsome" was conferred on Stanley by general consent of his friends and explains part of what happened, but it must not be forgotten that besides playing the saxophone he "dances divinely" and is no mean crooner, and besides all that leads his own orchestra—than Harris and the Orchestra.

Young Mr. Harris wondered how millionaires could be mournful and gladly accepted the invitation to meet Mr. Kaufman and his pretty daughter who were staying at the expensive and exclusive Preston House, near Swampscott, Mass. The result was love at first sight. Stanley had seen pretty heiresses before but, not one that was awesome and mournful.

Young Miss Gloom cheered up at first, which, in turn, cheered her father and revealed that his sorrow was because of his daughter's depression, which he had recently tried unsuccessfully to cure by a trip around the world. Stanley was invited to dine with the Kaufmans and at once the gloom settled down on Lorraine, spreading from the daughter to her father. It was the find which Stanley thought as delicious as it was really, but Lorraine jeered at it.

"It is rotten, not cooking," the girl complained, almost weeping into a pasty of something and tired herbs.

"We have just come back from a trip around the world and it was the seven-old thing-ort steamers and at hotels. I'd give a lot for some honest home cooking."

It almost broke Stanley's heart to throw away a hearty meal himself and see this poor little rich girl merely peck at hers. Excusing himself, he went to the telephone and returned with an invitation from his mother to dine with them the following evening. Mr. and Miss Kaufman not only accepted with the alacrity of hungry tramps, but Lorraine thought that twenty-four hours was a long time to wait. Stanley says and wondered if his mother wouldn't have them to supper that night, after they had taken in a night club.

Mrs. Harris, who either did not know or didn't care that she was to entertain millionaires, said she would leave out some supper, but would not sit up for them. This was to fall amiple of his mother's cooking, just a salad, some cold chicken, a home-baked cake and dinner home-made pie, but Mr. Stanley's surprise. The wealthy guests ate ravenously and Lorraine asked hopefully if tomorrow's dinner invitation was still open.

It was, and they enjoyed a New England boiled dinner with almost pathetic satisfaction. Mrs. Harris was so touched at the plight of these unappreciated millionaires that she had them in nine several more times that week and while the youngsters went to night shows Mr. Kaufman played pinochle with Mr. and Mrs. Harris. At the end of the week, the Kaufmans party moved on, and its head invited Stanley to spend the rest of the Summer traveling around in Maine with them.

This troubled Mrs. Harris. Of course it wasn't as if Stanley were a girl and she could have demanded a chaperon and a statement of serious intentions. But she had almost persuaded her son to give up a musical career and take a job in his grandfather's shoe factory so this would be a bad time to "have his head turned."

Nevertheless she did ask Mr. Kaufman just what he had in mind by such an offer, and was told that it was the only way he could think of to repay her hospitality. Of course she did not ask if the heiress' intentions were serious but they certainly were, became four days later the pair, as her divorce complaint put it, "intermarried." It would have been only three if, at the last moment, Stanley had not feared that August 13 was an unlucky day for intermarrying and persuaded the less superstitious bride to put it off till the next day.

Mr. Kaufman's chauffeur and male secretary, who were accessories to the plot, were sent back to break the news to Papa, who was expected to be furious. Two days later, when Lorraine timidly telephoned during the nap hour to ask if he had "come down from the ceiling yet," she learned that the old gentleman hadn't objected at all, and that the paternal blessing was awaiting them.

With this, a fat allowance and not a cloud in the sky, the young couple took a suite at Boston's most expensive hotel and lived unhappily ever after. Each says it was because of those alleged promises the other made and did not keep, but some of their friends suggest the novel theory that it was not enough mother-in-law. What Lorraine really fell in love with was Stanley's saxophone, his shubile feet, his crooning, or perhaps even his good looks, because other handsome boys had pursued her. It was the irresistible home cooking that went with him. But unfortunately it didn't go with him, it stayed at home with his mother.

Fortunately, the young man is not accused of having promised to make pies like his mother's because that would have been a cruel deception. He says that his bride promised to take him to Europe for a couple of years study under the best music teachers. She denies this, but it would hardly have kept love from dying anyhow. What perhaps she should have done was give him a couple of years study in home cooking under some culinary genius, preferably his own mother.

To get rid of hotel cooking they moved into a love-nest of their own, in Newton, fashionable Boston suburb. There was nothing to prevent young Mrs. Harris from learning to do her own cooking except that the idea does not seem to have appealed to her. Lorraine complains that her father provided a nice job for Stanley in his big factory just outside of Lynn but that her husband didn't make good and lost it. Young Mr. Harris denies that it was a nice job and doubts if any human being could have held it.

His story is that Mr. Kaufman fixed him up with a fine desk and a lot of important duties but whispered to him not to pay any attention to them because his real work was to spy on some of his father-in-law's associates and see if they were not double-crossing him. Lorraine thought it was thrilling, like being a G-man in the movies, but Stanley says the situation was impossible.

These men he was supposed to be shadowing, seeing his immediate bosses, who would want to know why he didn't attend to his work instead of snooping around at their heels, trying to overhear their dictation and telephone conversation, or peering into their private papers. On weekends, when the men were guests at Mr. Kaufman's Summer camp, Stanley says he had to entertain them by dancing, playing and crooning and then, turning detective, try to get something on them. All he got was their cordial dislike until they were able to finally have him fired.

In spite of all the things she didn't like about her husband, Lorraine seems to have tolerated his presence in her house and at the table as long as her father was paying the bills. But after his death in December, 1935, with the inheritance of the seven millions came a greater care about money matters. Lorraine thought Stanley should go to work and according to Mrs. Harris's attorney, Stanley replied:

"We can live very well off your estate. People will think I am a publicity seeker if I keep on working."

There were legal matters that had to be attended to before Lorraine could get her money, however, so the couple were short of ready cash. She charges that, instead of going out and getting a job to tide them over, Harris suggested that, with her father no longer alive to support them, they switch financial affections to her brother, who, it appeared, had plenty of money.

In her divorce complaint Lorraine says she didn't like this at all, but finally consented and did, on a number of occasions borrow from her brother.

One of those expenses was a trip for herself and her husband from California to Boston where she had to go on business connected with her father's estate. Harris, she says, was to go on to New York where he hoped to make connections to get into radio and picture work on the West Coast.

Instead, she claims, he feigned illness and she nursed him in their Boston hotel room. Then, one afternoon when she had slipped out for a moment to attend to a little business, he left his sick bed, packed his clothes and moved out. She had hardly gotten back to her room before she was handed a summons in a suit to force her to pay her husband separate maintenance.

When he began his suit for alimony, Lorraine thought this so cruel that she inserted his petition word for word in her own divorce complaint as follows:

"To the Honorable the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Suffolk (Massachusetts)

"Respectfully represents Stanley Harris of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, that he is the lawful husband of Lorraine Harris that his said wife without just cause has deserted him and that he is living apart from said wife for justifiable cause, the said respondent has been cruel and abusive both by acts and language toward petitioner.

"Your petitioner says that the respondent is able to support herself by means of money which she has in her own right and is well able to provide for the needs of the petitioner, that there has been born to them no children. Wherefore your petitioner prays that said court will make such order as it deems expedient concerning his support."

The heiress cites another interesting grievance against Stanley. She says:

That during said marriage defendant failed to give plaintiff gifts on her birthday or wedding anniversary or any other time, except that on one occasion defendant purchased a fur as a Christmas gift for plaintiff for the sum of $58.50 which he charged to plaintiff's account."

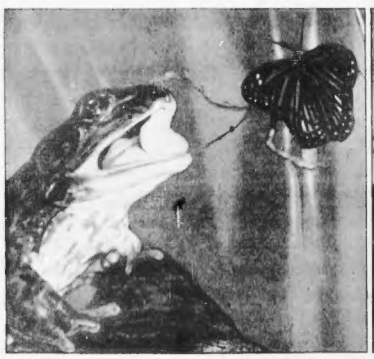
Mrs. Harris said: "All her promises to take care of my son were never kept. While she was spending money lavishly, my son walked the streets penniless. In spite of their great wealth, I think my son was raised too well to have married into the Kaufman family. Why, the girl practically lived here the first week. She used to come to me and say, 'I love his hair. It is beautiful. It is gorgeous. I am crazy about him.'

"I want to warn every mother not to look for immediate advantages in having their sons marry rich girls but to think of their sons' future happiness."

Stanley is said to have asked for one quarter of one of his wife's seven millions but finally offered to accept $50,000. He received nothing at all. As a friend put it:

"When a poor girl marries a rich man she gets alimony. When a poor boy marries a rich girl he gets a headache."

Poor Butterfly—"But It's a Meal," Croaked the Frog



Ah, a Butterfly! Mr. Frog Has Been Waiting for Just Such a Meal to Materialize, and Prepares to Strike With His Lightning-like Tongue.

GOING! The Speed of the Frog's Tongue Is Incredible. It Touches the Insect and Draws It Toward the Stalker's Mouth.

GOING! Into the Maw the Helpless Butterfly Is Drawn Before You Can Count Two.

GONE! And This Is the Last of the Pretty Creature, Whose Body Juices Are a Delicacy for the Hungry Amphibian.

THE series of photographs across the top of the page shows one of those dramas of Nature that fascinators are sometimes fortunate enough to catch pictures of. In this story a hungry frog is the villain and the victim is a beautiful baby fly that lingered too long where danger lurked.

Perhaps the butterfly figured that it was quick enough to fly away before the frog came any closer. If so, the creature didn't know much about frogs and the surprising manner in which some of them can manipulate their homely tongues.

This frog, when he knew he was within striking distance of his prey, shot out his tongue so fast that the eye couldn't catch the motion — although the high-speed camera did show the episode in all its unhappy details.

Anyway, when the villain was ready to set his tongue licked out, caught the filmy wings of the butterfly and instantly recoiled, drawing the insect into the frog's ugly maw. There wasn't even time for the butterfly to take one feeble flutter of its wings before it was in the trap and being gobbled up.

Frogs, as every zoologist and student of nature knows, look upon butterflies as a special delicacy. It is rumored, though it is hard to understand, how any scientist would know just how a frog regards butterflies or any other article of diet, that the juices in the insect's body are pleasant to the taste. Perhaps in Frogdom, a butterfly, with its colored wings and its saccharine sap, takes the same place as a cocktail in the mist of human beings.

The action shown in the four pictures required less than three seconds. If the photographer had been carrying an ordinary camera he would have been unable to get a record of the tragedy. He might have shown the frog stealthily hopping close to the insect and, perhaps, another picture with the tip of a wing still sticking out of its mouth. But with a high-speed movie camera he was able to record the whole grim story.

The frog ignored the photographer until the pretty meal was consumed, and then hopped leisurely off in search of more of the same.

Caught 18 Sharks, All on Same Hook

WHEN Floyd Raisty, whose favorite sport is deep-sea fishing, put out from Long Beach, California, for a day's sport with the sharks he knew were a few miles offshore, he didn't expect to come back to port with a strange angling record. As a matter of fact he had landed a good-sized shark and had it on the deck of the fishing boat several minutes before the record was established—and in a most unexpected manner.

It was this way: Soon after the boat reached the area where the sharks were cutting the water with their knife-like dorsal fins, Raisty hooked a big one, and a fighter. For more than two hours he let out and reeled in line until he had the fish tired out. Finally, by skilful maneuvering, he pulled his quarry close enough to the boat so that it could be gaffed and hoisted aboard.

The "critter" wasn't dead when it was stretched out on the deck. Its mouth was still convulsively opening and closing and, now and then, it weakly flipped its streamlined tail. And then strange things began to happen. From the body of the shark, a smaller shark emerged—a little fellow about 14 inches long. Shortly another infant shark appeared, and another. Within a few minutes 17 of the youngsters were lying on the deck—and Mr. Raisty suddenly realized that he had landed 18 sharks on one hook.

This probably set a new world's record for, so far as is known, the nearest approach to this figure was established a couple of years ago by Alexander Ott, of Miami, Florida, who has the distinction of being the world's "sharkiest" fisherman. In the past twenty years Mr. Ott has hooked, harpooned and landed more than 600 sharks. One that he snared was a female who turned out to have 11 smaller sharks tucked away in her inside. That made an even dozen of the fish caught on one hook—which is not nearly so remarkable a score as 18.

In order to have unassailable proof of the catch, the California angler called a photographer as soon as the fishing boat docked and had him snap several pictures of the mother shark and her brood, all of which had died before they were brought ashore. If anyone in the world has caught more sharks on a single hook, Mr. Raisty would like to know about it. But, he says, he has little fear that any claimant will takehisbrown.

Floyd Raisty, at Long Beach, California, Where He Hooked the Female Shark Shown in the Photograph. Immediately Upon Being Hauled In the Shark Became the Parent of Seventeen Baby Fish.

Lazy Squirrels Suffer from Gout

THE squirrel, like the bee, has been held up as an outstanding example of industry and thrift. Everyone is familiar with the picture of one of these fuzzy-tailed members of the rat family busily gathering acorns and storing them away in some hollow tree trunk against the long, cold Winter. Hundreds of children's stories have been written about the virtues of Johnny Squirrel, who works so hard and never finds himself out of shape physically or economically—but there's another side to the story which recently came out when the rangers at Crater Lake National Park, Oregon, finally decided what the matter is with the squirrels on that reservation.

These nut gatherers seemed to be suffering from some physical or mental depression, although they were as fat and sleek as squirrels can be. They were lackadaisical about climbing trees and about tucking away their Winter's fodder. Some of them, running contrary to nature, didn't bother to store away any food at all.

The rangers, with the help of an expert who understands the maladies that affect animals, examined some of the squirrels and finally came to the conclusion that the popular pets are the victims of prosperity and civilization.

The story goes back several years when the squirrels discovered that the visitors to the park like nothing so much as feeding squirrels. The little creatures soon found out that they could depend on the tourists for their meals and began to take things easy. Why scurry around for nuts and berries when you could climb on the running board of an automobile or accost a party of hikers and be served everything from peanuts to frosted cake?

Well, the squirrels got so lazy that they depended almost entirely on handouts and some of the stuff they put in their stomachs didn't agree with them. They developed indigestion and, what is worse, a form of the dreaded gout.

Freak Millinery Wrong? They're New Beauty Gadgets

PARIS has turned out some queer-looking hats in the past few years, chapeaux that only the most daring woman would venture to wear among her fellow creatures. But the headgear shown in the photographs at the left, and at the extreme right of the page, was not conceived and produced in the millinery salons of the French capital. For those, Paris cannot be blamed.

Any day now, however, gadgets like these will be worn in Paris and in many other cities about the world. The woman will wear them only temporarily and never on the street, for they are the latest machines for drying the hair. Up-and-coming beauty shoppes will have them and probably discard contraptions almost as bizarre and complicated in construction and appearance.

These hair dryers, along with hundreds of other devices for making Milady more beautiful, recently were displayed at the Hair and Beauty Fair staged in London. They attracted a great deal of attention, particularly from the owners of barber shops and beauty salons and comely models sat beneath them to make sure that the machines would be carefully considered not only by potential buyers but also by the maids and matrons who like to keep abreast of the times and know what to look for when they set out to buy beautification.

The machine at the left is an ingenious invention. Not only does it dry the hair quickly and thoroughly but those ear pieces are equipped with lights so that the wearer can read a book or a magazine while waiting for the machine to do its work. The device is supported by a metal stand so that none of its weight presses on the head, and the stand is adjustable so that the dryer can be moved up or down as the "patient" requires.

Esthetically the dryer shown in the photograph at the right is easier on the eyes—and the customer looks better while sitting beneath it. But its purpose is the same—to speed up the job after the hair has been shampooed, so that Milady can arrive at her cocktail party or dinner date on time, looking her best.

No reading light is attached to the machine with the battery of heat-radiating metal tubes, but its inventor talks of the rapidity with which it does its work and expects it to make a fortune for him.

This Is the Latest Machine Devised to Dry the Hair. It Is Fitted With a Lamp So the "Patient" May Read While Her Hair Dries. It Was Shown at a Recent Exhibition in London.

Here's Another Weird-Looking Contraption, but It's Really Just Another Hair-Drying Machine. Also Shown at the English Exhibition, Where 25 Countries Pooled and Displayed the Latest in Beauty Shoppe Equipment.

They're Crazy for Science

BRITISH scientists, seeking possible cures for some forms of insanity, have found a group of 60 people, many of them research workers, who deliberately "go nutty" by taking various concoctions that make them temporarily abnormal. The men carrying on the interesting series of experiments believe that some clue might come out of this business which will help in the treatment of mental disorders.

Many of the experiments were made with the use of an Indian drug known as Peyoth, long used as a "worker upper" in pagan orgies. This drug produced plenty of insanity in the subjects taking it, and no two people got the same effect from the stuff.

For example, one man felt as if his head had been turned around so that it faced backwards. "My abdomen," he said, "became a soft, fluid mass, my face, I felt, had acquired gigantic dimensions, my feet seemed to be spirals and my chest just sort of melted away."

Another subject that went crazy for science experienced even more bizarre sensations. "I found," he related, "that I had no head but in its place a ground-glass camera screen. I couldn't imagine where my ears were, even though I was capable of hearing."

Another of the experimenters felt as though he'd lost his body entirely. "There was nothing solid to me," he wrote in his report for the scientists, "but a curious humming sound."

Various other strange things happened to those under the influence of Peyoth. One fellow, eating a bowl of soup, thought the dish had been in front of him for a hundred years and another subject was unable to lift an ordinary fork, feeling that it weighed at least a hundred pounds.

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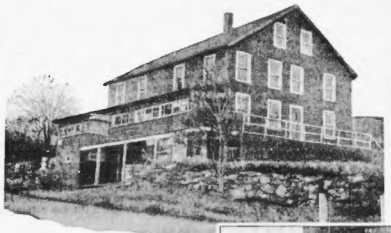
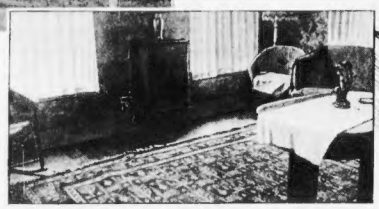
The Two Girls Under the Secret Trap-door in the Wicked Inn

Policeman Mayo's Foot Slipped on the Rug in the Innocent Looking Room of the Old Road House and a $2,500,000 a Year Traffic in White Slaves Was Revealed



Bethany Inn, the Old Roadhouse Near New Haven, Conn., Where the Girls Were Found.

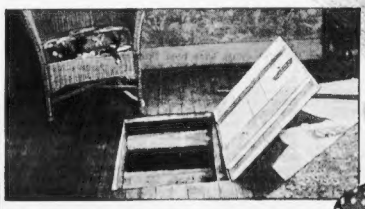


The Room in Bethany Inn, Showing the Rug on Which Policeman Mayo Slipped, in Place Over the Trap-door.

Policeman Mayo's Foot Slipped on the Rug and It Slid Aside, Revealing a Trap-door Set in the Wooden Floor. He Pried It Open, Raised It, and Flushed His Light Into the Dark Space Below. From a Short Flight of Steps, the Frightened Faces of Two Girls Stared Up at Him.

"Don't hurt us," Whispered One. "Please don't hurt us."

Helen Kane, One of the Hidden Girls.



The Rug Pushed Back and the Trap-door Leading to the Rat-Infested Hiding Place of the Girls Shown Open.

Mary Leonard, Whose Discovery, With Her Sister Helen, Led to the Breaking Up of the White Slave Ring.

WHEN Officer Henry Mayo of the Connecticut State Police slipped on a rug in the disreputable Bethany Inn, near New Haven, Conn., last July, his skidding foot revealed a trap-door artfully concealed beneath it. Curious, he lifted the trap and flashed a light downward. Stabbing through the darkness, the rays revealed the frightened faces of two crouching girls. And in doing so, the rays also cast the first light on the activities of one of the biggest gangs of white-slavers ever to operate in this country—a gang whose trail of kidnaping, seduction, criminal assault and disreputable dens stretched its evil trail across eight States.

On November 2nd, when Federal Judge Carroll C. Hincks, sitting in the United States District Court in New Haven, imposed sentences of nearly fifty years on thirteen men and women, and fined two of them $66,000, U. S. Assistant District Attorney George H. Cohen, in charge of the prosecution, said:

"The largest white slave ring in America has been completely smashed. Its leaders were, for the most part, aliens. They did a business in human flesh to the extent of $2,500,000 a year. They operated in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Ohio. Their victims were numbered in the hundreds. They had their own strong-arm men, 'booking agents' and transporters. They were exceedingly well organized. But their downfall started when Officer Mayo's foot slipped on that rug nearly five months ago."

It was at about 10:30 on the night of Saturday, July 29th, when Officer Mayo, attached to the Beacon Falls station of the Connecticut State Police, was sent to the Bethany Inn to make a routine investigation. One Joe Megliari of White Plains had deserted his wife and the White Plains police had reason to believe that he intended to hide out at the Bethany Inn, which stands in a sparsely populated section between New Haven and Waterbury. It was owned by Michael Taverner, his wife, Mary, and Joe Abbate.

As Officer Mayo approached the Inn, he noticed a luxurious car with New York State license plates. The numbers on it did not correspond with those which the White Plains police had given him for Megliari's car, and Officer Mayo was suspicious. An expensive out-of-the-State car in front of a shady Inn on a deserted road made him wonder why it was there.

He walked up to the door of the Inn and as he did so, a big police dog tied to the porch began to growl.

"I drew my revolver. I was afraid I'd have to shoot that dog," said Mayo. "He sure was ugly. Then I saw he was tied.

"I tried the entrance to the living room. The door was bolted, but I knew there were people inside. I could hear the radio being played hastily and loudly. Then I heard something else.

"I shattered a pane of glass in the door with the butt end of my gun, reached in and unbolted the door. I saw there was another door, also locked, in front of me. I forced the lock and there I was in the living room with Abbate and the Taverners trying to look unconcerned and listening to the radio."

Officer Mayo began to question the three regarding Megliari's whereabouts. The Taverners answered evasively. Abbate said he knew nothing about Megliari, although Mayo later found out that Megliari was at that very moment slipping out of a rear window and fleeing to Waterbury to a hideout of the white slave ring.

Not satisfied with the answers of the three in the Inn, Mayo decided to take them to the Beacon Falls police station for further questions. Although Abbate later admitted that he had been one of the notorious Luciano gang of white slavers and had formerly been Al Capone's chauffeur in Chicago, he did not put up a fight. He went along willingly—a little too willingly, Mayo thought.

At the Beacon Falls police station, Mayo turned the suspects over to his superior, Lieut. William L. Schatzman, for questioning. Then he played a hunch. It had seemed as if Abbate had actually tried to lead him out of the Inn, in order to hide something. And so Mayo went back to the Inn to look around a little more carefully. He entered the living room.

"I thought I'd search the whole house thoroughly," he said, "and as I started to walk across the living room, my foot slipped on the gaudy red rug. I bent down to put it back in place again—and as I did so, I saw there was a trap-door under it. It fitted tightly to the floor and I had to pry it open.

"I swung the door back and saw there was a ladder on the inside. I got out my flashlight, which lighted up a short flight of steps. Then at the bottom I saw two scared girls huddled together who blinked up at the flashlight. Blinded by the light, they couldn't see me behind it. I saw a large rat scoot across a filthy straw mattress at the bottom of the steps. There was a space at the bottom, like a big box, about seven feet square.

"'Better come up, sisters,' I said, 'and one of them, kind of scared, asked 'Is it all right?'

"I said yes, and up they came. Then they got a look at my uniform and saw I was a state cop. They told me that they had been in the trap for more than two hours. Abbate had thrown them in it when I first came to the house and told them not to make a move until he opened the trap-door."

The girls, Mary Leonard, 19, and Helen Kane, 21, cowered before Officer Mayo.

"Don't beat me," Mary pleaded. "I've had enough of that!"

When Mayo had assured them that they had nothing to fear, they told him that they were sisters, white slave victims of Abbate who had procured them from a little town near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. He had taken them to New York in his car and they thought they were going to work for him there. Instead, after beating them, he had driven them up to the Bethany Inn, telling them that he was going to put them in one of the disorderly houses in the territory.

Mayo took the two girls to the police station where Lieut. Schatzman was questioning the suspects. When Abbate was confronted with his two victims, he began to talk.

"Abbate was eager to plead guilty to running a disorderly house," said Lieut. Schatzman. "He figured that we'd take him before a local judge who would give him a light sentence. Instead of that, we called in agents Turrou and Hennrich of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. These agents had been working under cover in Connecticut since July 2nd, investigating white slave activities. We were co-operating actively with them, but so secretly had the G-Men been working that very few people knew that they were there. Abbate talked to the agents but he didn't have the least idea whom he was talking to."

Abbate talked more freely, however, when Officer Mayo paraded Helen and Mary before him. He admitted that he had brought the two girls to Bethany Inn to have them work in a "circuit" of disreputable dens. He revealed that the ring had a lumber-like procedure in its wholesaling of human flesh. No girl could "work" in a house unless she had a procurer who in turn had a "booker." The booker got ten per cent of the girl's earnings when she was placed in the circuit.

With what Abbate told the G-Men and State officers they began to close in on members of the ring whose names he had revealed. Within a radius of fifty miles of New Haven and extending right into that city were many notorious houses, they found. They catered to various types of clientele ranging from the plain "Lena's Place" in Wallingford, patronized by factory hands and farmers, to the more exclusive "gown house" at 22 Second Avenue, West Haven, where "Madame Becky Schwartz" catered to college students and the girls were pretty evening gowns.

When the two girls were asked why they didn't try to run away, they said they couldn't. All money was taken away from them and they were kept in deadly fear of a "strong arm squad" who belonged to the ring. Investigations by the police revealed that this was true. Of the hundreds of girls who were victims of the ring, none had any money.

Even in the highly profitable "Lena's Place," where two girls each earned between five and six hundred dollars a week, they were given no money. This place was operated by Arthur Pasquini and his wife, Lena.

"They ran the worst dive in the State of Connecticut. Their place was known to the girls as 'Siberia' because they were afraid to go there. They were made to work as many as 16 hours a day in their evil trade," said U. S. Assistant District Attorney Cohen.

Later, when the authorities had arrested the Pasquinis and they were sentenced by Federal Judge Hincks, he fined them each $35,000, sentencing Arthur to eight years in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., and his wife to three years. The judge remarked that they would not have an opportunity "to enjoy the profits of this shameless business."

The authorities then began to look into the activities of the "strong arm squad" which Mary and Helen had mentioned. Agent Turrou discovered that the most feared members of this squad were Enrico Bentozzi, Joseph Perrucino and Boccacini Tonelli. Not only did this squad deal promptly and brutally with any white slave victim who rebelled, but it also squeezed a tribute from the women who ran the circuit houses.

This scoundrelly squad kept the girls in order, charged $12 for each girl that they booked and made a "service charge" for their work of terrorizing her. Another strong arm member who supervised the Bethany Inn as well as the Waterbury territory was the swaggering "Bethany" Joe Saledonis whom Mary and Helen were especially afraid of. Before his conviction he boasted openly:

"We run Waterbury. What we say goes."

Later when the G-men hauled him into court, he tried to brazen things out. All of the other defendants had pleaded guilty, Bentozzi, the leader of the strong arm squad, blubbering for mercy and getting six years. Saledonis demanded a trial and got it. He got ten years and $5,000 fine as a result.

In the meantime, Agents Turrou and Hennrich were continuing their investigation. Abbate had revealed that the white slave bookers received ten per cent commission from the local proprietors of the houses. So the agents began checking up on money orders and checks being sent out of the State. They visited banks, post offices and telegraph offices. Under what is known as the Mann Act there are heavy penalties for sending a white slave from one State to another. Presently they began to trace the money to Joseph Ferrara in Jersey City.

They began to investigate him and discovered that he had twelve bookies under him. Each of these bookies was responsible for from a dozen to twenty girls. Altogether Ferrara had the handling of nearly 150 girls. They were known as the "fresh stock," of which Mary and Helen were a part.

As the white slave victims in Connecticut houses of ill fame would become diseased, as they did in 90 percent of the cases, they would be replaced by these new girls who would be ordered just like a consignment of cattle with the delivery date specified. They would be shipped to the "wholesale house" or distribution center which was operated in West Haven by Josephine Bambini who later was arrested and sent to jail.

When the G-men picked up Ferrara, they found he owned a yacht and a fleet of fast, luxurious automobiles. He admitted having made more than 1,000 bookings in a six months' period. In seven weeks, Agents Turrou and Hennrich traced $1,673 worth of receipts to him, representing his ten per cent commissions for dealing in human flesh. Confronted with an overwhelming mass of evidence, he pleaded guilty and is now awaiting sentence.

In the meantime, Officer Mayo, peeved because Megliari had slipped out of the rear window of the Inn while he was questioning Abbate, did some further sleuthing on his own. He tracked Megliari to Waterbury where he was identified with the white slave ring. Mayo arrested him and he was later given a two-year sentence while Abbate was given five years. Mary Taverner was sentenced to eighteen months, while her husband is still awaiting trial.

Of the 37 members of the ring who were brought to trial as a result of Officer Mayo's slipping foot at the Bethany Inn, 33 pleaded guilty, one stood trial and was convicted and the other three are awaiting trial.

"The ring has been completely smashed," declared U. S. Assistant District Attorney Cohen. "Officer Mayo's slip was one in the right direction."

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That Tired Feeling Due To Loss Of Salt

"TIRED feeling" in normal weather is a common experience. It may be merely a tired feeling, or it may come from drinking too much fresh water and not eating enough salt.

Each normal human body of average weight contains about as much salt as will fill an average small-sized salt shaker. Some of this salt is circulating in the blood. Some is contained inside each living body cell. Without salt, no human being, or for that matter, no other animal can remain healthy or alive.

In many cases Nature is responsible for some of the most marvelous contrivances known, including automatic machinery which works more perfectly than anything devised by human engineers. There are some ways, however, in which Nature spoils this miraculous record by instances which, if they happened in a human enterprise, would be called most stupidity.

The great astronomer, Galileo, the first person to use a telescope, is reported to have said that if an instrument maker brought him a lens or other optical instrument as imperfect as the human eye, he would instantly send it back with a sharp note of protest.

Another similar instance of Nature's failure to make everything as perfect as it ought to be is the body's salt machinery. The quantity of salt which the body uses and needs is small, but infinitely precious, so precious that one would expect Nature to have taken extreme precautions against losing it.

In fact, nothing of the sort has been provided. Precious salt leaks away continually from the human body in the various secretions and, most of all, in the perspiration.

Every drop of this perspiration which exudes from human skins in hot weather contains, among other materials, a tiny quantity of the body's needed salt supply. That is why more salt must be eaten continually with the food. Savage races, before the days of easy purchase of salt in grocery stores, used to send expeditions hundreds of miles to bring back from the seashore or from some inland salt lick the precious element needed to keep the members of the tribe alive and in good health.

In cold countries loss of salt in the perspiration usually is not serious but in hot countries or during spells of hot weather in countries ordinarily of temperate climate, so much salt may be lost in perspiration that serious bodily results ensue.

Physicians Were Puzzled by the Mysterious Collapse of Steamship Stokers Until It Became Known That Weakness Came From Loss of Salt in Perspiration.

Years ago physicians employed on steamships encountered a mysterious weakness and collapse of stokers handling the steamships' fires in hot weather. In the beginning, this was called some variety of heat stroke but soon it was discovered that it was nothing of the kind. The real difficulty was loss of salt. Hard labor combined with high temperatures in the stoke holds produced such intense perspiration that salt reserves in the stokers' bodies were decreased below the danger point. Weakness and collapse followed; even, in some instances, death.

Nowadays few of the larger steamships use human stokers that put on having been taken over by machines. Even before this happened, however, physicians had discovered that they could avoid these mysterious "heat-stroke" collapses by the simple expedient of putting extra salt in the water that the stokers drank.

Disappearance of the stoke-hold problem, however, has not removed from all of humanity the danger of running out of body salt. Only a few weeks ago physicians connected with the automobile industry in Detroit reported similar experiences during hot weather in the factories there. Dr. E. R. Harris is credited with the prescription of salt tablets, like ordinary medicine tablets, which workers in hot places where perspiration is profuse can swallow occasionally during the day to keep up their systems' salt reserves. This has resulted. Detroit physicians report, in reducing virtually to zero cases of supposed "heat prostration" in the automobile industry.

Similar conditions are by no means unknown in homes and offices. Cases of heat prostration still occur in hot weather. Some of these are due to other conditions, not related in any way to loss of salt. There probably are a considerable number, however, which are due to salt loss and could be prevented by the same expedient of taking a salt tablet now and then or drinking water made slightly salty instead of left completely fresh.

Housewives who do heavy physical work in hot weather or who spend much time over the hot cookstoves undoubtedly lose in perspiration amounts of salt almost as great as those lost by male workers in steamship stoke-holds or hot factories. Medical opinion holds that many of the cases of extreme fatigue, bodily exhaustion and abnormal feelings of tiredness which occur among such household workers in very hot weather are not due either to mere exercise or mere heat but to these things complicated by the loss of salt.

In the early days of animal evolution all animals lived in the sea. The sea was salty. Accordingly, it made no difference whether the sea-dwelling animal lost salt from its body or did not. Plenty more salt was available constantly, to be swallowed or absorbed in some other way just as ample sea salt still is available for ocean fish.

Later on, when animals came out on land they brought with them in their blood and other internal fluids what really is a duplicate of the ancient sea-water. At the present stage of life it became important to hold fast to the salt in this internal sea-water. Why this is necessary is still a question which Nature has been reluctant to answer.

A Real Life Romance On The Merry-Go-Round

IT was the first time Anna Wanamaker had ever been on a merry-go-round, and she didn't want to get off—not even when her money was all gone. So she bought way over and tried to win one more trip by snatching at the brass ring. But what she got was a gold wedding ring and a trip through life with handsome Edward Vail, who runs that carousel.

A man of action, agile "Baldy" Vail nabbed her by the ankle just as she was about to topple from her hobby horse—and love promptly came to the carnival. In true circus style, they were appropriately married a few days later on that very merry-go-round—and it was a perfect wedding, in every detail, including one of those distressing little incidents that sometimes crop up and almost stop the ceremony at the last minute.

Anna is only 18, and she had never been out of walking distance of Waldwick, New Jersey, where she was born. Nothing exciting had ever happened to her, so when the carnival came to town she put on her fluffiest dress and went to see the sights. She tossed her head disdainfully at the fresh guy who wanted to guess her weight and glared with incredulous eyes at the machine that spun fortunes cheaply. She tarried a while to watch some boys pitching hoops at the "kewpie" doll booth, but not for long.

From the far end of the street came a gay kind of music that made her tingle, and she hurried on to the carousel, to gaze at the painted horses streaking by. Baldy was weaving in and out among the little wooden horses, taking tickets, and he kept his balance by bending toward the center, and did not have to touch anything at all. There probably wasn't a man in all Waldwick who could do that so well.

Then Baldy saw her standing there, as in a trance, and when he caught a glimpse of her joyous smile, he grinned and shouted:

"Step right up and buy your ticket for the next ride—only five cents, the twentieth part of a dollar."

And she did. At first she rode on an inside horse, because it seemed that the carousel was going around pretty fast. But when she learned that anybody who captures the brass ring gets a free ride, she plucked up her courage and moved to the rim—and then it sure was fun.

Some other girls who had run out of money tried to stay on by making eyes at Baldy, but that didn't go with him. They pleaded and giggled, but he said "nothing doing." He can be as gentle as a Spring zephyr, when he's a mind to, or as rough as a nor'wester, if there's occasion to be, and he has no use for girls who try to take advantage of his position by flirting with him.

So off they went, struggling a little, and telling him he was a mean old thing—and during the rumpus Anna sat demurely with downcast eyes and wondered if he would treat her like that. She was down to her last nickel, and she did so hate to go. It would be mortifying to be hustled off the carousel in that rude manner, but it would be thrilling to have him lift her down from her horse in his strong arms.

But that didn't happen. Instead, on the next ride she made her long reach for the brass ring, and the next thing she knew he had her by the ankle and was saying:

"Whoa there! It's fun, all right, but it ain't worth risking your neck over. How 'bout a ride on the house?"

After that, she didn't have to pay, and did that make the other girls envious? She kept coming back, each evening, and Baldy would lean against the hobby horse and talk to her, about all kinds of things, mainly about the places he had been. He had been all over—Passaic, Hackensack, and Paris, France. He got to Paris once during the War, and that was something to tell about. In a couple of weeks he was going to Danbury, Connecticut, and later on the carnival was heading South for the Winter season in Florida.

"Gee," she sighed, "I sure wish I could go to all those places."

"Well, why don't you?" he came back at her just like that. "Why don't you—as Mrs. Vail?"

She was so surprised she almost fell off her horse, and she made him ask her again, because she wasn't quite sure she heard him right the first time. Besides, it isn't right for a girl to say yes the first time a man asks her to marry him.

Baldy was on the level with her. He told her about his first wife, who had been a high diver, and how he had been all broken up when she died, six years ago. He didn't think he'd ever fall in love again—but he was wrong about that. Now it seemed as if he had just been waiting for Anna. After all, he is only 32, and when he asked her if she was game enough to take a chance with him, and she said she was—

A Hoodlum Demonstration Had to Be Quelled Before Baldy and Anna, Seated on the Wooden Horses, Were Married, While the Carnival Crowds Cheered the Happy Couple.

Since they first became acquainted on the merry-go-round, and since that was where he proposed to her, they decided nothing could be more suitable than to be married there. Everybody thought that was a fine idea, especially the owner of the carnival, who quickly spread the good news and sold tickets to the wedding.

A big crowd assembled—must have been three or four hundred people. Terribly excited, and in a new dress, Anna climbed up on a hobby horse. The Justice stepped forward, the Waldwick Cadets Fife, Drum & Bugle Corps stood at attention, and Baldy strode over to throw the switch, that would start the merry-go-round and the hurdy-gurdy.

But at that moment, a gang of hoodlums decided it would be very funny if they delayed the wedding by chucking rocks at the people on the carousel. This was too much for Baldy, whose sense of responsibility wouldn't let him forget that he is a bouncer, too. He waded right into them, while the bride sat there, too frightened to scream.

"Hey, Rube!" Baldy shouted, but he didn't wait for help from the other show folks. He started slugging right and left. Handy with his "dukes," he laid out a couple of the hoodlums, cold, and turned on the others. There were eight in all, and when they saw they were no match for him, one whipped out a stiletto.

Anna saw it flash, and shouted a warning, but there was too much noise for Baldy to hear her. So she closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, Baldy was standing there looking down at his coat, with a funny expression on his face. But there wasn't any blood on it, and nothing was wrong with it, except all the buttons had been neatly ripped off by the stiletto.

The next moment the police arrived and took Baldy off to the calaboose, along with the hoodlums. But they soon discovered their error, and were so sorry about it, they returned to the lot to attend the wedding, which finally came off in fine shape, less than half an hour late. As a wedding march, the hurdy-gurdy played "The Music Goes Round and Around." Anna sat on a white horse, Baldy on a red one, and the Justice of the Peace clung to a stanchion during the time he was saying the happy words. As a final touch, the Waldwick Cadets played the "Jersey State march."

Crippled By Falling Altar As He Robbed Church

FOR many years the tall stoutly built altar of St. Lawrence's Roman Catholic Church in Hamilton, Ont., had withstood the test of time and the weight of priests and worshipers who occasionally brushed heavily against it. But when a petty thief, Hugh Matthews, entered the church one night recently and approached the altar to rob the poor box at its base, it toppled over upon him, crushing him severely. And as Matthews staggered out into the night overcome with the superstitious dread that no human hand had been responsible for the accident the altar itself, in a most unusual manner, supplied the silent evidence which later sent him to prison for his crime.

Poverty and misfortune had led Hugh Matthews to a life of crime. In 1930, 1931 and again in 1933 he had been arrested and sentenced for housebreaking and other criminal offenses. He was neither a clever crook nor a fearless one.

He decided therefore, to confine his stealing to unguarded churches, where the loot, while small, might be taken without risk. That was how he came to select St. Lawrence's Roman Catholic Church for a robbery. He knew that in front of the altar there was a box for the poor which contained money. The church was never guarded; its doors were open at all times and it would be a simple matter to wait until it was empty and then take what he wanted.

Shortly before midnight recently he entered the church. The pews were empty and the only light was from the flickering of a sanctuary lamp which cast ghost-like shadows on the walls. Cautiously he crept down the church aisle until he reached the towering altar. The money in the poor box was almost in his grasp. He reached forward to steal it.

Suddenly there was a loud, startling crack. He tried to spring back, but it was too late. The altar seemed to leap forward, crashing down on his head and shoulders and stunning him.

Pinned to the floor by the weight of the massive altar piece, his head and shoulders bruised by the blow, Matthews trembled with fear and superstitious awe. He frantically struggled to free himself, and finally he managed to crawl to the back of the church, and then escape into the open air.

An hour later, wandering about in a daze near the park, he was seen by an alert policeman, who observed that he had met with some sort of an accident.

"That poor chap looks as if he might have been struck by an auto," the policeman said to himself. "Guess I'd better take him to the station house and have him looked over."

When Matthews was brought into the police station he came out of his daze under the skillful questioning of the sleuths. For the detectives had long memories and recognized Matthews immediately. Perhaps, as he insisted, he had been involved in an automobile accident. Perhaps not. What particularly aroused their suspicions was that someone had phoned in about the falling altar and on Matthews' coat were a number of light dust particles.

One of the detectives scraped those particles off Matthews' coat, carefully put them in a test tube and left for headquarters to have them analyzed. Very soon after that Matthews broke down and confessed.

"The hand of God, not the hand of man, brought about my arrest," he said. "It is no more than right that I should get my punishment."

And so Hugh Matthews will spend the next three years of his life in Kingston Penitentiary, while the worshipers in St. Lawrence's Roman Catholic Church have had their altar restored as solidly as before.

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Made Himself A Leper To Find A Cure

DR. LANGUDAKIS, a physician of Cairo, Egypt, has injected the germ of leprosy into his blood in order to test a treatment he has invented.

Leprosy is a dreadful disease which kills thousands of men, women and children every year and makes life for its victims a living hell. They have to endure the agony of watching their legs and arms rot from their bodies, their eyes and teeth fall out, and their heads shrink into skinless, grinning skulls. The disease has been called "the walking death" or "the slow death" and no description could be more to the point. But the agonies of lepers have not spurred mankind to cure the disease and most human beings today have the same fear of it as the germ that their ancestors had three thousand years ago.

Dr. Langudakis has been experimenting for the past twelve years with a serum which is injected into the blood and which, he believes, will successfully kill leprosy germs. During this time he has been collecting funds for a leprosary, or leper hospital, which he opened recently at Rosetta, Egypt. He announced at the hospital's dedication ceremonies that he was going to deliberately contract leprosy, wait three months for the disease to spread throughout his body and then begin treating himself with the serum he had invented.

When asked why he had chosen to experiment on himself, Dr. Langudakis replied: "To many, it will seem useless. Why they will ask, does he choose to risk his own life when there are so many others who are already afflicted? As a matter of fact the sacrifice is not as great as it sounds. Ever since I began to specialize in the care and cure of lepers I have been shunned by my friends and ostracized by society. People have the same fear of the disease to-day as their forefathers had in Biblical times. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that a cure has never been discovered.

"No one knows the symptoms, causes and forms of this slow death better than myself. Who, therefore, could be a better subject for experimentation? If I succeed in curing the disease, thousands, including myself, will find a new life. If I fail, I will be just another scientist who has given his life in order that the world might be a better and healthier place in which to live."

The history of science is full of the deeds of such heroic men, men like Dr. August Bier, famous German surgeon, who burned himself severely in order to prove to science that burns of the skin, administered purposely to carefully restricted areas of the body surface, can help to cure diseases like arthritis and chronic rheumatism. Most famous of all human volunteers were those devoted soldiers of the American army who allowed Dr. Walter Reed, back in 1901, to inoculate them with germs of yellow fever transmitted by infected mosquitoes. The experiment which made possible the conquest of that disease and the completion of the Panama Canal.

One of the most tragic stories of these self-sacrificing heroes come from the University of Kharkov in Soviet Russia. Professor Nikolaus Trifinoff, a lecturer on medicine in the University, had invented an apparatus which he hoped would cure consumption by killing the germs with electric rays.

He tried his treatment on animals and it worked. He wanted to go one step further so he injected the tuberculosis germs into his own blood and tried the serum.

His young wife, Olga, demanded to share the risk and she, too, was injected with the germ. In the course of time the professor was cured but the rays seemed to have no effect on his wife and as the disease progressed she grew weaker and thinner. She did not complain; her only regret was that her husband's experiment had failed.

She died not long after. Her husband was inconsolable with grief and one night locked himself in his laboratory, grasped an electric wire in his hand and turned on the switch. His assistant found him dead the next morning.

The couple's death was due in part to an accident but their tragic heroism adds them to the long list of martyrs who have given their lives to the cause of the X-ray. Dr. Francis L. R. Satterlee, of New York City, has had no less than twenty-three surgical operations in an effort to stay the advance of the mysterious numbing disease caused by X-ray burns. Dr. C. C. Williams, of London, one of the first physicians to feel the healing value of the rays, died after forty surgical operations, all of which proved vain. Fortunately, physicians nowadays know how to protect themselves with shields of lead or other metals which the rays cannot penetrate, except in experiments like Professor Trifinoff's, designed to treat a disease, the outcome of which cannot be foretold.

Thousands of scientific men have gone to almost certain death in search of new facts. Confronted by some scientific mystery which has to be cleared up, the average scientific man does not hesitate to risk his life or health. Dr. Langudakis is the most recent martyr to the most dreadful of all diseases and world-wide attention has been centered on him at his leprosary at Rosetta. Lepers throughout the world are eagerly awaiting the outcome of his remarkable experiment.

Most anxious of all, perhaps, is that order of nuns and priests, formerly led by the late Father Damien, who take care of the leper colony on the Island of Molokai in the South Seas. Heretofore they have been able to hold out only a small hope of cure to their 800 wretched patients. Now they are fervently praying that Dr. Langudakis will recover and give to the world of "the walking death" a new chance for a healthy life.

Inconsolable After His Wife's Death for Science, Trifinoff Locked Himself in His Laboratory, Seized Two High-Tension Wires and Electrocuted Himself.

"The American Weekly" Solves a Murder Mystery

Mother of the Murdered Victim Found in a Kansas City Hotel, Sees the Page Reviewing the Strange Case, Recognizes the Photograph of Her Son—And Now the Police Are After the Murderer

Artemus Ogletree, Who Was Identified by His Mother as the Murdered Man in Room No. 1046 After She Had Seen the Photograph in The American Weekly.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, as its advertisers well know, is widely read. With a circulation of about 6,000,000 copies each week—by far the largest circulation of any magazine in the world—it frequently receives interesting and unusual responses to many of its articles.

And now what seemed to be a "perfect" murder has been solved by The American Weekly.

Several months ago The American Weekly printed a full page article on a Kansas City murder mystery—one of the strangest in the history of crime in this country. A facsimile of that page is reproduced here today.

Later on a local newspaper in Birmingham, Ala., printed a short summary of the facts in The American Weekly article, and Miss Eleanor Ogletree, of Birmingham, thought the description of the murdered man resembled her missing brother, Artemus. She discussed it with her mother, but there was no photograph to guide her in making an identification.

Then a copy of The American Weekly—the copy that contained the article "The Mystery of Room No. 1046"—was shown Mrs. Ogletree by The American Weekly's Birmingham correspondent.

She looked at the photograph of the murdered man in profile at the top of the page, and was immediately struck by the resemblance to her missing son, Artemus. The carefully detailed description in the article also conformed to his. Mrs. Ogletree exclaimed: "It's Artie!"

And so it was. Through The American Weekly the victim of "The Mystery of Room No. 1046" had been identified where the police throughout the country had failed.

It was noon January 4, 1935, that a bellboy was sent up to Room 1046, in the President Hotel, one of the largest hotels in Kansas City, Mo. The switchboard operator had reported that the telephone receiver in that room was off its hook. When the boy entered he found the shades were drawn, and the room dark. He switched on the light, and what he saw sent him running from the room calling for help.

Practically every piece of furniture in the room was overturned. The walls, floors and window shades were spattered with blood. And in the bathroom, sitting on the edge of the tub, was a man who had registered as Roland T. Owen, of Los Angeles, when he had taken Room 1046 a few days before. Blood was spurting from a dozen stab wounds on his chest, stomach, arms and legs.

House detectives and a house physician answered the bellboy's appeal for help.

"Who did this to you, Mr. Owen?" asked a detective.

"Nobody. I fell against the bathtub," mumbled the injured man. And that was all he would say. A few minutes later he lapsed into unconsciousness, and a few hours later he died. It was then found that the back of the head had been crushed in.

Meanwhile, detectives had discovered the first of a strange series of episodes that make the story resemble a plot by some fiction writer. Owen was made when the bellboy discovered him. Whoever killed him had taken every article of clothing from his room. They had taken every other thing of the dead man's—even his toothpaste, shaving soap, razor and comb. The most careful search by detectives revealed only a label torn from a necktie, an unsmoked cigarette, a hairpin and a safety pin. Later a woman's fingerprint was found on a glass. And detectives found that the door of Room 1046 had been locked from the outside and the key carried away.

There was reason to believe there was more than one killer because Owen, nearly six feet in height and weighing over 180 pounds, had put up a battle for his life, as his bruised knuckles showed. Police believed that one of those present during the fight was a woman. It was apparent that whoever killed Owen wanted him to suffer before he died, because many of the wounds were superficial, as though made only to torture him.

Los Angeles police were unable to trace any Roland T. Owen. Employes of the hotel had seen no trace of the slayers, although they had left with all of the dead man's luggage.

Finally it was announced that the dead man would be buried in Potter's field. The newspapers carried a small item concerning the funeral plans. That afternoon the telephone on the city editor's desk at one paper rang. A feminine voice declared:

"You have a story in your paper that is wrong. Roland Owen will not be buried in a paupers grave."

"Who are you?" asked the editor.

The girl refused to answer.

"What happened to Owen that day at the hotel?" the editor asked. "He just got into a jam," replied the girl, and hung up.

At nearly the same time a man phoned a Kansas City undertaker and made arrangements for the funeral, telling the undertaker he would mail the money for the expenses.

Two days later the undertaker received the money for the funeral. On the day Owen was buried, a Kansas City florist received a telephone message. Again it was from a man. "I want you to send 13 American Beauty roses to the grave of Roland Owen. I am calling for my sister," he said. A short time later the florist received a special delivery letter with $5 in it to pay for the flowers. Included was a note that said "Love forever, Louise."

And that was as far as the police could get in solving the mysterious murder until Mrs. Ogletree saw the photograph in The American Weekly and recognized it. The unusual scar on the side of the dead youth's head convinced her there could be no mistake. Young Artemus had been burned on the head when a baby, and this scar had remained, although his hair was cut in such a fashion that it was concealed.

She took the page from The American Weekly and a photograph of Artemus to the Chief of Police of Birmingham. He forwarded them to the Kansas City police. Frank Howland, chief of Kansas City homicide squad, identified the photograph immediately as that of the man in Room 1046.

With the identification of the body, it was revealed that Mrs. Ogletree had received a number of letters, purporting to be from her son, written long after the murder. She had received several long distance telephone calls from a man who called himself Jordan, and who told her Artemus had saved his life in a brawl in Cairo, Egypt.

"He lost his thumb in the melee, and can't write," the caller said. He told the boy's mother that her son had married a wealthy woman in Cairo, and that he himself, a wealthy man, had settled an income on Artemus after the youth had saved his life.

It was the letters that first aroused Mrs. Ogletree's suspicions that something had happened to her son. Artemus left Birmingham in April, 1934, to "see the country." With two other boys he went to New Mexico. He was sixteen at the time, but unusually large and mature, appearing to be in his twenties. From there he went to Los Angeles. Then his mother received a letter from him telling her he was on his way to Kansas City. That was in August, five months before the murder. He wrote his mother occasionally, always in longhand.

Shortly after the murder, Mrs. Ogletree received another letter supposed to be from Artemus. But this was typewritten, and she knew her boy had never used a typewriter. The phrasing of the letter didn't sound just right, either. Several months later another letter arrived from New York, telling her that Artemus was going to Europe. The next day a special delivery letter came saying he was sailing that day.

On August 12, seven months after Ogletree had been killed, Mrs. Ogletree received her first telephone call from "Jordan." He was in Memphis, he said, on his way west for his health, but he had wanted to let her know that her son was well. It was then that he told her Artemus had saved his life.

Detectives now believe that the phone calls and the letters were designed to keep Mrs. Ogletree from worrying about her son. Instead, they aroused her suspicions, and she communicated with Chief of Police Luther E. Hollums, of Birmingham, and with J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, but their investigations threw no light on the strange mystery. It did not occur to them to connect the missing Ogletree with the murdered man in that Kansas City hotel.

It was not until the Ogletrees saw the page in The American Weekly that they knew the circumstances of what had happened to the son.

When the crime was first discovered the Kansas City detectives asked:

"Who is Louise, the mystery woman who sent the American Beauty roses to young Ogletree's grave," and "Who is the unknown man who telephoned the undertaker and made arrangements for the funeral, and phoned the florist for the flowers?"

Now they have added two more questions:

Who is the writer of the letters supposed to have been sent by the dead youth, and who is the man who called himself "Jordan" in his telephone conversations with Mrs. Ogletree?

The key to a murder mystery is the identification of the victim. This key has been provided by Mrs. Ogletree's identification of the photograph of her son.

With this solid clue in their hands the police expect soon to have the handcuffs on Louise and the man who paid for the funeral flowers.

The American Weekly readers will be kept informed.

The Mystery of Room No. 1046
No Detective Thriller Is Any Stranger Than the Torture Slaying of an Unknown Man in the Big Kansas City Hotel, and the Various Bewildering Circumstances Which Surrounded the Strange Crime
Hotel President
Rock's Flower Store
1106 Grand Ave
Kansas City Mo
Love from Sister
Louise

Facsimile of "The American Weekly's" Page Which Solved the Murder Mystery of Room No. 1046.

And now to bed... so sweet and clean!

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS: *"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies."*

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Guarded so carefully... the Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE

the soap made with Olive Oil!

FIVE LITTLE sleepy-heads, on their way to the Land of Nod! Rosy-cheeked, so sweet and clean...fresh from their bath with gentle Palmolive Soap!

And if you could see the smooth, satiny skin of those lovely Dionne Quins...then you would realize how *wise* Dr. Dafoe was when he decided that Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, should be used exclusively for bathing them.

WHY PALMOLIVE WAS CHOSEN!

Because the Quins were born prematurely, they have always had unusually sensitive skin. That is why, for sometime after their birth, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Dr. Dafoe knew that nothing is so soothing for delicate skin as gentle Olive Oil.

Then, when the time came for soap and water baths, how important it was to choose a soap made from the gentlest, most soothing ingredients! And that is why Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, to be used exclusively for bathing the Quins' tender skin!

WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY WOMAN!

Mother! Why should you risk bathing *your* precious baby, or any of your children, with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the little Dionnes?

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . you who want to keep your complexion soft, smooth, alluring through the years! Why not give *your* skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not use this safe, gentle, pure Palmolive Soap for your own face and bath!

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

Little Annette's Day With Her Pet Snakes, Monkey and Skunk

Annette Goes Out Shopping, With Jimmy the Skunk on Leash and Both Elmer the Fox Snake and Bully the Bull Snake Around Her Neck.

Before Shopping, However, Annette, Trix, Her Monkey, Jimmy and Elmer Have Breakfast. Annette Holds Elmer Because "He Has Nothing to Sit On."

Going Down to the Store for Afternoon Candy, Elmer Not Only Makes a Nice Boa, But a Hat Decoration as Well.

Unusual Pastimes of a Four-Year-Old With Her Even More Unusual Playmates

WHEN little Annette Avers, of Portage, Wis., her monkey Trixie and her six-foot fox snake Jackie were first introduced to the readers of The American Weekly last year they attracted a great deal of attention.

Jackie developed homesickness, lost all and Annette took him out to the woods, kissed him a tearful farewell and gave him his liberty. Many children wrote in to The American Weekly asking whether Jackie had come back to her in the Spring. And dozens of grown-ups wrote asking The American Weekly to print an article if at any time any of Annette's snakes hit or otherwise injured her.

Annette's father now reports that she is very well, thank you all for asking. She has just passed the middle part between four and five years old, and her snakes have neither bitten her nor shown her anything but loving kindness.

Jackie didn't come back, but Annette went out to the farm in April and caught Elmer, an even bigger snake with a sweet and amiable disposition. Elmer sleeps beside Annette, goes swimming with her and is her constant companion.

There has been an addition to Annette's family, however. Jimmy the skunk. Jimmy has considerable character and personality, but he has not further endear Annette to her neighbors when she goes out for a walk with him on the lead and Elmer draped around her neck.

She still has Trix, who is as mischievous as ever.

Annette has other snake pets besides Elmer this year, but he is her favorite. The others are a pilot black snake she calls Blacksie, a blow snake named "Pete," a fine racer, "Speedy," a milk snake often called the spotted adder, which she has named "Spotty," two fox snakes, "Sally" and "Helen," to keep Elmer from getting lonesome for a few of his own kind, and "Bully," the bull snake.

Annette's papa writes:

"Elmer is Annette's favorite pet, and she seldom goes anywhere without him, whether it is a trip to Buchanan's grocery store, an aeroplane or sweet-leaf ride, or even a swim. The snakes seem to enjoy being in the water, and Annette has great fun taking them in the boats. Needless to say, she always has plenty of room to swim. She loves to float, hanging on to Elmer's tail as he tows her through the water.

"Every time Annette goes downtown with her pets a crowd of people gather asking a multitude of questions mainly, 'Why don't they bite her?' and 'Is their stinger out?' Almost everyone is under the impression that their soft, velvety, forked tongues, with which they catch sound vibrations, are stingers. Many who see Annette with her snakes think it most interesting and educational that a little four-year-old girl can put to shame full-grown men and women in their ignorant fear of snakes.

"Annette has done more in this section of the country to rid people of this ignorant fear of snakes than could be imagined. People who at one time were deathly afraid and would kill every snake they saw, now go out of their way to protect a snake, knowing that they are invaluable to the farmer in their destruction of field mice and exterminating insects.

"Of course, there are always a few narrow-minded people who refuse to admit their ignorance, and think it a crime for such a sweet young child to play with snakes. They even went so far as to consider passing an ordinance in the city of Portage to keep Annette off the streets with her pets, although how they expected to pass an ordinance for Annette and her harmless pets, without including all other children and grown-ups with their pets, such as cats and dogs, which are far more dangerous, is a mystery."

But neither Annette nor her playmates seem at all worried about these things when they sit down together to breakfast at a special table where they begin their day. Trix and Jimmy have their special chairs at this table. But Elmer, as Annette explains, like all the rest of the snakes, was born "without anything to sit on." He drapes himself around Annette's neck at breakfast. He prefers to spend most of his time that way except when he is swimming or sleeping.

Trix is a veteran diner and has good table manners. During the past year, under Annette's careful coaching, Jimmy has been learning too, especially since one of the spindles was taken out of the back of his chair to enable him to balance himself by lowering his large, bushy tail over the seat.

When breakfast is over and Annette is ready to take her pets for a walk, Elmer usually turns himself into an ornament. He curls himself around Annette's neck like a real boa instead of like one of the feather ones that the grown-up ladies used to wear. He raises his head over the top of Annette's hat so that he may both be a hat decoration and see what is going on. Jimmy walks on a leash. Trix doesn't like going out much and usually stays home.

When Annette goes into a store thus escorted, she is waited on in a hurry. No matter how many people may be in the store when she comes in, she doesn't have to wait nor is she overlooked as are many little girls whose heads cannot be seen above the counter. If the clerk doesn't notice her right away, the other customers do, and insist that she be waited on at once.

Sometimes while Annette is on a shopping tour Elmer feels the need of getting the kinks out of his bones and starts to uncoil in a sort of "seventh inning stretch." This is apt to prove nerve-wracking to the clerk, especially if Elmer stretches in his direction. Even when Annette tells him that Elmer is harmless, he isn't entirely reassured.

Elmer is usually ready for bed before anyone else in the Avers' household. He sleeps beside Annette, rolled up in the hollow of her arm with his head on a pillow and Annette says he doesn't snore, whine or whistle in his sleep, but makes her feel sure no burglar will surprise her.

Mr. Avers believes that if more people could see Annette and Elmer thus sleeping quietly together, there would be less fear of harmless snakes and less alarm at their appearance such as occurred at dancing school last Spring when Annette brought Elmer and the surprised teacher climbed up on the piano. Annette's and Elmer's feelings were hurt because it was especially for the dancing class that Annette had made a pet of Elmer.

"During the Winter months Annette started to take dancing lessons and we conceived the idea of teaching her a 'snake dance' with a live pet," Mr. Avers explains. "Of course it was impossible to get any native live snakes during the Winter so Annette practiced the dance using the belt of her snow suit as an imaginary snake.

"Very early in the Spring, Annette was to dance her snake dance at the recital and we were at our wits' end to find a suitable snake for her. Then one day we heard that a large snake had been seen in a barn where it had evidently wintered. We immediately went there and succeeded in capturing it. That was how Elmer became a pet."

"An interesting incident showing how people have been changing their attitude towards harmless snakes happened here recently," Mr. Avers reports. "Annette and I received a hurried summons from a man who came after us in a car. We accompanied him downtown where we found a crowd of people armed with clubs and rakes surrounding a long, slender snake which I soon caught and which is now one of Annette's nicest pets. Fortunately the man had persuaded the crowd not to harm or kill the snake until we arrived."

While a great many persons are interested in Annette and her unusual playmates, there is hardly any doubt that a great many will also hope that she stays in Portage.

And Annette Gets Quick Service, Even If at Arm's Length.

The Afternoon Swim Is Greatly Enjoyed by Elmer and Annette Is Never Crowded by Other Bathers.

And at Night Elmer Goes to Sleep With His Little Mistress, Providing a Surprise for Any Possible Burglar.

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CHRYSLER FOR 1937

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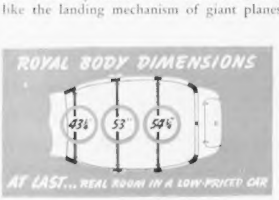
A BRAND-NEW CHRYSLER in the low-priced field . . . big, spacious, a wonder for room . . . lithe, sleek, flashing in performance . . . with a new engine of amazing economy.

The Gold Seal engine has the highest compression for its bore the world has yet seen. *It burns ordinary gasoline.* The result is greater efficiency . . . more power from less fuel. Repeated tests show 18 to 24 miles per gallon.

Imagine such economy in a car so big and roomy as the new Chrysler Royal. Look at the dimensions in the diagram. Worlds of head room, leg room, elbow room, and stretching room . . . a great big trunk.

On top of that, riding ease beyond anything you ever imagined in a low-priced car. The advanced principle of Airflow weight distribution . . . slow-acting springs of Amola steel . . . new Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, built like the landing mechanism of giant planes.



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Every famous Chrysler engineering feature . . . Safety *All-Steel* Bodies with beautiful one-piece steel roofs . . . genuine, time-tested Hydraulic Brakes . . . light-touch shockless steering . . . Automatic Overdrive! . . . Floating Power . . . Valve-Seat Inserts. See and drive the new Chrysler Royal. See for yourself that it brings something entirely new and better into the field of low-priced motor cars.

THE CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . .

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR THE GREATEST OF THE EIGHTS

$925 * AND UP

A great big luxury car . . . superb in beauty and performance . . . amazingly priced in the thousand-dollar range . . . that's the new Chrysler Imperial for 1937.

This beautiful car is 204 inches from bumper to bumper . . . with about the longest, proudest hood you ever saw . . . with racy, low-swung lines that never seem to end!

Inside . . . an amazing amount of room. Great, wide seats . . . spacious, level floors . . . extra inches of head room, leg room and elbow room . . . deep, billowy upholstery . . . chair-high seats with high, restful backs.

The flashing action of 110 horsepower . . . a superb eight-cylinder engine with dual carburetion and aluminum head. Magnificent riding comfort . . . contributed by Airflow weight distribution and Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . enhanced by the length and size of the car.

Every famous Chrysler feature at its finest . . . Safety *All-Steel* Bodies with beautiful one-piece steel roofs . . . shockless steering . . . Hydraulic Brakes . . . Automatic Overdrive! . . . Floating Power.

An out-and-out luxury car . . . yet moderate in price . . . and economical to drive.

See the new Chryslers for 1937 . . . Royal . . . Imperial . . . Airflow. Drive them, compare them. You'll agree . . . for 1937, Chrysler tops 'em all!

☆ CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 95 horsepower, 199-inch over-all length. Ten body types, $715 and up. Four-Door Sedan, $815.

☆ CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 110 horsepower, 204-inch over-all length. Six body types, $925 and up. Four-Door Touring Sedan, $995.

☆ CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 150 horsepower, 223-inch over-all length. Two body types.

☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW . . . 130 horsepower, 213-inch over-all length. Two body types, $1475.

*All prices list at factory, Detroit.

†Automatic Overdrive is standard on Chrysler Airflow and Custom Imperial. Available on all 1937 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

● Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company Time Payment plan.

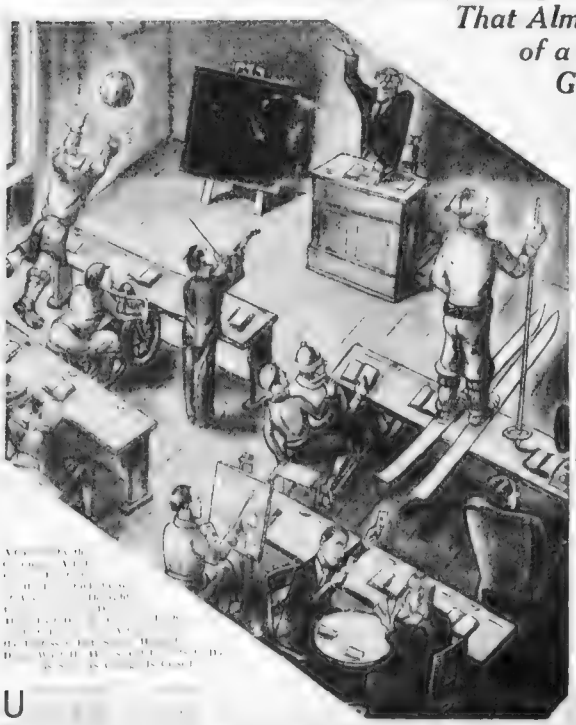
Wouldn't you like a catalog?

We will gladly send you our 1937 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12204 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

☆ NEW CHRYSLERS FOR 1937 ON DISPLAY AT ALL CHRYSLER AND PLYMOUTH DEALERS ☆

H U C H Y H

Science Studies the Influence of Worry and Melancholy Upon Our Bodies and Finds, Among Other Things, That Almost Any Kind of a Vacation Is Good for Us as Long as We Enjoy It



It Is Now Suggested That Even the Spendthrift Who Throws Away His Money in One Night at a Night Club May Be Improving His Health and That the Late Jay Gould Who Made a Fortune by Encouraging Such Wastefulness May Really Have Been a Healthful Influence

The Strong, Heroic Effect of Happy Hope Was Often Illustrated During the Crusades When the Soldiers of the Cross Were Frequently Lifted From Depths of Depression, Fatigue and Illness by Discoveries of Long Lost Holy Relics and Visions Such as This Portrayed by the Artist Gustave Doré the Appearance, Caused Perhaps by Some Effect of Light, of a Winged Figure Upon a Horse Urging Them On to Victory

Grand Flavor in the bag

–and a grand price, too

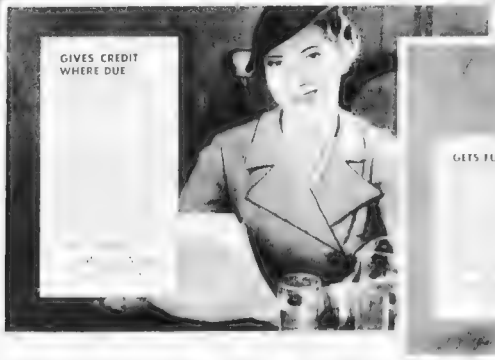
A REVELATION OF FLAVOR

"MY HUSBAND SAYS I HAVE A NOSE FOR VALUE

Mrs. Roger Oates, Butler Lab. Ma.

MAKES HER MORE ALERT

AGAINST FANCY CONTAINERS



GIVES CREDIT WHERE DUE

GETS FULL VALUE

CHASE & SANBORN *Dated* Coffee in the bag pleases everybody, because it's high in quality, yet low in price. The world's choicest coffees are blended to make it richer, fuller flavored. Yet it's inexpensive because we pack it in a simple paper bag.

We can do this because Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee is *guaranteed* fresh by our Dating Plan. It's rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer. Every bag is marked with the date he gets it . . . and none stays on his shelves more than 10 days.

Buy an economical bag of fresh, delicious Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee tomorrow!

M P M S L G L L

Nobody but Little People From All Over the World to Live in It, With Horses, Cows and Dogs Bred Down to Sizes They Can Handle and Normal Sized Babies Not Allowed

Big Dogs Such as These Could Have No Place in Lilliput Town But the Same Types May Be Reduced to Toy Size by Scientific Breeding

When Gulliver in His Travels Came to Lilliput Land He Found Only a Few of the People With Everything, Even Cows, Dogs and Houses, of Diminutive Size. And It Is Exactly Such a Miniature Country That the Midgets in Hungary and Austria Are Now Planning.

Bicycles, Automobiles and Other Forms of Vehicles Are to Be Made Along Smaller Lines.

Miss Alma Godbeck of Berlin, Germany, Who Is Six Feet Tall, With Her Husband, Herman, Who Is a Little Less Than Half the Size of His Wife. Such Marriages Will Be Forbidden in the New Europe of Land and Normal Sized Babies That Alone Will Be Tolerated.

Look

FOR THIS SIGN

—and turn your Menu Worries over to Peaches this Winter

California Canned PEACHES

Home Town Boy Makes Good

by Wentworth Hale

But It Takes Santa Claus to Help Him Out.
Complete in This Issue.

H

"It is Isabel—isn't it Signor?" Asked the Woman Next to Pagnolli. The Grizzled Impresario Waited Until the Song Had Stopped

Santa Claus Looked at Anita Ironically and Saw That Just Now She Wasn't Crying But Seemed About to Laugh.

(Continued on Page 17)

By "Arizona Bill," D

Adventures of the Last of Who Was Cowboy, India Express Rider, Depu Ranger, and Notorious Tw and the Quick-S Sheriffs of t Mining

A Group of Raiding Indians, Well-Armed and Well-Mounted. These Marauding Bands Were a Constant Danger to the Wagon Trains of Emigrants Along the Trails

T

The Little One's Slipper: the Trail of the Savages. It Was This Sort of Thing Which Embattered the Ranchmen Against the Indians

Recent Portra Who Looks B

CHAPTER I
By ARIZONA BILL. (Raymond H. Gardner)

W

Interesting Photograph of an Old "Covered Wagon," or "Prairie Schooner," Which the Pioneers Used in Crossing the Plains. It Was from a Wagon Like This That Arizona Bill Was Stolen by Comanche Indians When He Was an Infant. From N. H. Rose Collection

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians Who Was a Friend of Arizona Bill. From N. H. Rose Collection

P OW W

e Famous Frontiersmen, Fighter, Scout, Pony Marshal, Arizona new All the Gun Badmen ooting, Fearless Wide-Open owns

Contemporary Sketch of a Comanche Indian Village. It was in Such a Village That Arizona Bill Spent His Childhood Playing About the Tepees With the Papooses

Emigrants' Wagons Attacked by Redskins. From an Old Print

rizona Bill, Now 91 Years Old n a Career Hardly Matched by the Old Pioneers

Chief Gall, Fighting Leader of the Sioux, Who Adopted Arizona Bill and Became His Foster Father. From N. H. Rost Collection

(Continued on Page 18)

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

"Dentyne Stars in Double Role—
It Aids Mouth Health—Delights Your Taste!"

FOR BETTER BREATH AND TEETH, ...

ITS FLAVOR IS A WINNING NOTE ...

Keeps teeth white—
mouth healthy

DENTYNE

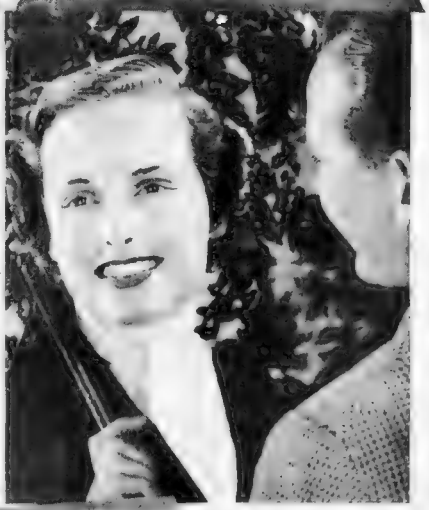
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters ... actual names of people and places ... are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications ... more interesting.

(Continued on Page ...)

Heed that warning!
"Tinge of Pink"
see your dentist

"Don't be a DENTAL CRIPPLE"



Soft foods—lack of exercise—
that's how gum troubles start

Change today

TO IPANA AND MASSAGE

W...

Remember
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

Creamed Old English Cheese

A KRAFT PRODUCT

IT GIVES A RIGHT GOOD ZEST TO COOKING!

[illegible] for nibbling with [illegible] Creamed Old English is now [illegible] as *the* cheese for cooking. Using just one to enhance that [illegible] sharp Cheddar flavor. And it adds a golden velvet smoothness you'd [illegible] without a lump or a "string." What a round-out that [illegible] you for luscious sauces, savory soufflés—*and* for casserole combinations that *taste* expensive, but are really money-savers!

Remember too Creamed Old English Cheese is packed full of protein food values. It takes more than a gallon of rich milk to make a half pound of it!

Welsh Rabbit

[illegible]

Eggs in Cronstades

[illegible]

Old English Soufflé

[illegible]

"PHILADELPHIA" BRAND IS THE CREAM CHEESE THAT'S GUARANTEED FRESH!

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA PASTEURIZED CREAM CHEESE

A Kraft Foods Cheese

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

FREE... THE NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK!

[illegible]

Name

Street

City

C H M G

S

CHAPTER V

T

AGE IS NOT MEASURED BY YEARS

If you form the habit of internal cleanliness

Nujol

FOR INTERNAL CLEANLINESS

Please send me booklet on Nujol.

Name .....

Address .....

CHAPTER VI

Peter Willard

S

(continued on Page ..)

EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology

HIS FOR KEEPS

DON'T PART WITH A SINGLE HAIR

A WISE INVESTMENT 40 70

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

EVERY CREAMY DROP DOES CHAPPED HANDS GOOD

FREE THE FIRST ONE-PIECE DISPENSER

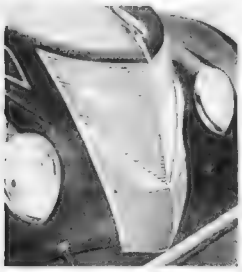
HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

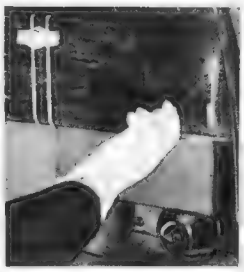
IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

THESE PRESENTS ARE GREAT FOR YOUR FORD V-8

when Santa Claus calls up to say,
"what do you want for Christmas, eh?"
If we were you we'd hasten to state,
"Some of these gifts for our Ford V-8"

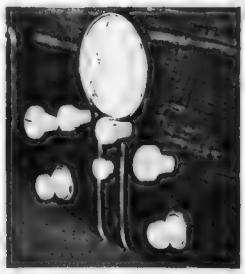


RADIATOR SHIELD



GENUINE FORD HEATER

WINDSHIELD DEFROSTER



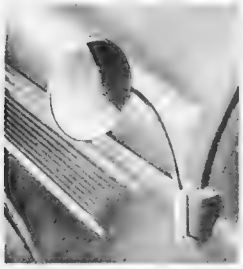
GENUINE FORD RADIO

LICENSE PLATE FRAMES

ELECTRIC CLOCK

ELECTRIC AIR HORNS

WINDSHIELD WINGS



[illegible]

VISOR VANITY MIRROR

HUB AND SPOKE COVERS

SPOT LIGHT

[illegible] Ford dealer

C H M G

The World's *most unpopular* "NUDIST"

Certain nudist colonies close their gates when anyone has dandruff. There is nothing artistic or natural about it. It's the most unpopular and unpopular thing one may be unpleasant to nudists or anyone, but don't be an unpopular one.

TRY THIS SIMPLE LUCKY TIGER TREATMENT

Apply Lucky Tiger several times weekly. Give your scalp a vigorous, bracing massage each time. This treatment eliminates ugly, unsightly dandruff that smothers hair growth—stops itching and scratching—stimulates scalp and helps to wake up the larger, sluggish hair glands. Helps the hair. At Lucky Tiger dealers or mail 25¢ and 50¢ to get a bottle at once.

Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR AND SCALP

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

ALLCOCK'S

Preferred to the costliest shortenings!

TEXAS TRIPLE TART

SWIFT'S Jewel SHORTENING

THE FAMOUS SOUTHERN SPECIAL BLEND

ASK YOUR DENTIST DON'T GUESS

We believe he will agree to every one of these statements

ORALGENE

1. Cleans as it should
2. It helps keep the mouth in healthful condition
3. It has a wonderful taste
4. Helps check decay
5. Helps check acid mouth

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE— USE ORALGENE

A NEW BEECH-NUT PRODUCT

Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum

For the Month of Finest Eating

ARMOUR'S STAR HOLIDAY HAM

WITH SPICED CRANBERRY STARS

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
Armour's Meal of the Month
MENU
Chilled Cider Fresh Mint
RECIPE
Remove all wrappings from Star Ham. Do not remove rind. Rewrap loosely in the waxed paper and place cut side up in open roasting pan. Bake in slow oven for ... minutes to the pound. Or, cook in boiling water and simmer ... minutes to the pound. Remove from oven, remove paper and rind, score fat and stud with ...
Prepare ... cups of cranberries ... cups of water and ... cups of sugar. Place part of sauce in center of platter and garnish with ... Reheat remaining sauce and serve hot.

Rich with the Flavor and Tenderness of

THE HAM WHAT AM

Ask for Star Ham in the Christmas Wrapper

... Ham is easy to prepare

FOOD FOR GIFTS

Get Your Star Jelly Molds NOW!

The newest modern jelly mold design—developed especially for Armour, and available to you at ... Fill in coupon below and your ... jelly molds will be ready in time for holiday meals. Set of ... for two cents.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Name ...

Address ...

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 15)

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

SITROUX

FACIAL TISSUES

WOOLWORTH - KRESS - NEARING MURPHY

Home Town Boy Makes Good

By Wentworth Hale

(Continued from Page 15)

(Continued on Page 36)

Don't Blow Your Head Off!

FOR STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS

MENTHOLATUM

HEALED HIS LEGS WHILE HE WORKED

DENTLOCK

gives False Teeth satisfaction for half the Price

No longer is it necessary to pay a high price for complete False Tooth Satisfaction. DENTLOCK holds tighter—lasts longer—applies easily—gives more comfort

only 10¢

Stop that Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING In One Minute

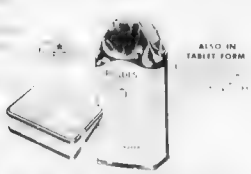
D.D.D. Prescription

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

To "Alkalize" Acid Indigestion Away FAST

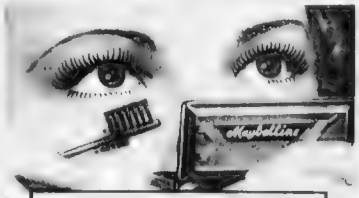
PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ARE ADOPTING THIS REMARKABLE "PHILLIPS" WAY

SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE "ACID STOMACH"



ALSO IN TABLET FORM

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA



What an Improvement Maybelline Does Make!

Hurrah!

Tangerines

See how many ways you can use these sweet, juicy easy-to-peel Oranges

Healthful – delicious
buy some today!

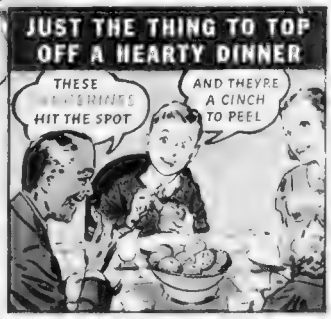
HERE'S news to make every man, woman and child

A hit with everybody

Be quick, buy now!

Tangerines are healthful

A "Party Dress" for your favorite Layer Cake



Standards Certified by the State of Florida

Florides

Home Town Boy Makes Good

But It Takes Santa Claus to Help Him Out. *By Wentworth Hale*

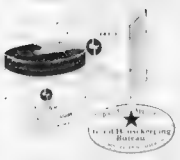
[illegible] to sing again when Anita reached him [illegible] pull" he said in his deep [illegible] powerful Stanley's Store [illegible] [illegible] off for [illegible] if you [illegible]

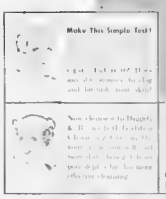
The End

Challenge to Happiness [illegible]

A Clean Face

IS THE SECRET OF RADIANT BEAUTY





Daggett & Ramsdell
GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

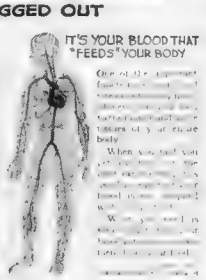
FRANK, HOW COULD YOU SPEAK TO THE CHILD LIKE THAT...

FRANK WAS SO RUN-DOWN AND TIRED HE SNAPPED AT EVERYONE—

DON'T LET POOR BLOOD MAKE YOU FEEL DRAGGED OUT

MANY people find they "get into a slump" at this time of the year. Usually that "tired feeling" comes because your blood is poor. It's underfed—not getting enough vital nutrients and minerals with the proper kind of nourishment.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast supplies your blood with needed vitamins and other food elements. It helps your blood absorb more good from your food. Then, more and better food is carried to more tissues. Let us send you How to Use Yeast daily—and a booklet of meals—[illegible] in a little water



IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY

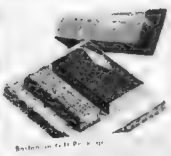
[illegible]

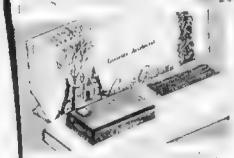
VITAMINS A. B. G and D

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER—

Christmas Gift Suggestions

Big Ben and his Westclox family
carry your Christmas Greetings





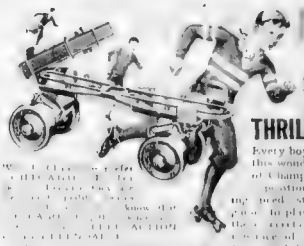
Gillette

PIN A $1 BILL TO THIS COUPON!

TEAR OR CUT THIS COUPON ALONG THE DOTTED LINE

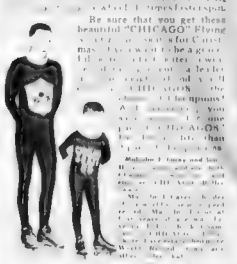
Give the Gift that's the rage of Hollywood

LEKTROLITE the world's NO FIRE LIGHTER



Boys! Girls!

DO YOU WANT TO
Skate Like Champions
AND ENJOY REAL
THRILLS—SPEED—ROMANCE?



FREE BOOKLET

It also explains the important features of "CHICAGO" Roller Skates that champions demand.

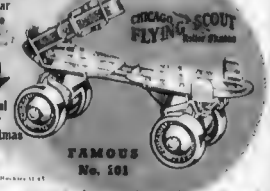
SEND FOR YOUR COPY TODAY!

THE BETTER DEALERS HANDLE "CHICAGOS"

Look for the Name "CHICAGO" on Every Skate

Regular Price

Special for Christmas



FAMOUS No. 101

HOW TO GET CARD AND FREE PIN and ANKLE PADS

Chicago Roller Skate Company 1613 W. Lake St. Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET. My age is ____

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN STATE

DEALER'S NAME

Own a CHEEZE-KIST Popcorn Route

TAVERNS

STORES

CIGAR STANDS

$10,000 ACCIDENT SICKNESS POLICY $10. year

CAN BE PAID MONTHLY IF DESIRED

COUGHS... Get After that Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

PERTUSSIN COUGH RELIEF

HEAD COLDS V-E-M

V-E-M

CORNS MUST COME OUT!

SAFE, INSTANT RELIEF!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Science Studies Monkey's Brain

Alka-Seltzer

(Continued on Page 29)

FIRST-AID RELIEF FOR MINOR BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS

Also for RED ROUGH HANDS SOOTHES QUICKLY—HELPS HEALING

CUTICURA OINTMENT

"Camay is the easier way to a Lovely Skin"

SAYS THIS CHARMING ALABAMA BRIDE

BIRMINGHAM, ALA

I'm devoted to Camay ... that's why I say daily beauty treatment I know. That's why I say ... to a lovelier skin.

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

. . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Challenge to Happiness by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 28)

ing the paper she struck him as hard as she could across the face. Then she flung it on the floor, ran out of the room and slammed the door after her.

Peter stood very still for a long moment after the echo of that resounding bang had died away. The flush of anger in his own blue eyes had slowly given way to a light of reluctant admiration. Presently, rather sheepishly, he moved across to the mirror and surveyed his face. There was a red mark across his cheek where the paper had struck him. He touched it gingerly.

"That's one for you, Peter, my lad," he muttered with a faint rueful grin. "What a girl! I didn't know they made 'em like that any longer. Not so fierce and impulsive and—" he hesitated, "not so darned kissable!"

For the first time in his career as a columnist, Peter began to regret his calling.

* * *

Tom Gutteridge came into Ursula's dressing-room on the first interval that evening. He held a folded newspaper in his hand.

"Hello, Ursula," he said. "Have you seen the Recorder?"

"No," she snapped back. "I haven't, nor the Recorder. I never read that scandal rag anyhow."

"Well, if you don't, the rest of Chicago does," he commented, with a dry chuckle. "And for your own sake I think I'd just glance at a certain paragraph that is in this evening, my dear."

She turned towards him. She had been sitting by her dressing-table retouching the make-up on her face.

"What do you mean, Tom? Nothing about me in there, is there?" Her color heightened under her make-up. "They wouldn't dare."

He laughed a little grimly. "Peter Willard will dare anything and get away with it. That's the damnable part of it. You are he never mentions names . . . I wish to heavens he did! You can refute a thing if they mention your name, but when something is merely hinted at everyone believes the worst, and you can't do a darned thing about it."

She glanced towards him nervously and stretched out her hand.

"Show me the paragraph."

He passed it and to her and she read it. She read it through three times and then said:

"But—but it can't possibly refer to me or to Michael." Her lips were bloodless, her hands were shaking.

"Can't it?" he asked quietly. "I don't know who else it can refer to, then."

"But Michael couldn't have done anything so silly." Her voice rose and broke sharply. "After all," she went on, "it doesn't say definitely that he has done anything silly."

"Oh, no," he said curtly. "It merely insinuates that he's been shooting at some alley cat in the early hours of the morning, but do you know how many people will be taken in by that story?" When she didn't reply he answered his own question. "Not one in a hundred. They'll say he tried to do himself in because of you, or rather because you've turned him down after his play got the raz."

"But Tom!" Her voice was sharp with protest. She pushed back her chair and rose to her feet. One of her hands was clasping the edge of the dressing-table. She was swaying slightly.

"But, Tom," she repeated hoarsely, "they couldn't say that. It would be awful—it would ruin me!"

"It would certainly peel some of the glamour off you," he said curtly. "And without that glamour I doubt if you would exist—at least as an actress. I don't want to be brutal but it isn't your talent that gets you across, my dear. It's the fact that you're attractive and essentially romantic."

"Stop, Tom, stop!" She had put her hands over her ears. Her voice was shrill and commanding. "What do you mean by saying such things? Besides"—she pulled herself together with an effort. "We don't know there's any truth in this. As I said I can't believe Michael has done anything so stupid. I phoned through to his apartment this afternoon and they said he'd gone away for a couple of days."

"Who said that?" Tom asked.

"I don't know," she stammered. "A maid or someone."

"He hasn't a maid or at least he hadn't yesterday," he retorted. "Look here, Ursula, I think I'd better hop in a taxi, go round and get to the bottom of this affair."

"Yes please, Tom." Her voice shook slightly as she added: "You—you'll let me know?"

"I'll be back after the show," he told her. "If there is any truth in this rumor we've got to fix up some way of turning it to everyone's advantage."

"But how could we?" she wailed.

He thrust his hands in his pockets, swayed slightly from his heels to his toes.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "At least I can't tell you anything definite yet, but at the back of my brain is the glimmering of an idea. Who knows—there may be something in this to save this rotten play of Michael's from being a complete flop."

"I don't care about the play," she said. "It's what people will say about me. They'll say I turned Michael down simply because it didn't go across. They'll—they'll say and think awful things." Her rich husky voice broke.

Tom had been staring down at the floor contemplating his feet. He looked up suddenly.

"Ursula, I'm going to ask you a straight question, and for once I want a straight answer. Did you or did you not allow Michael to believe that if this play did go across you'd—well—you'd reward him in any way?"

Her color heightened. Her light, honey-colored eyes fell before his. But she answered:

"No, no, of course not, Tom."

He strode towards her. He put his hands on her shoulders and shook her a trifle.

"I want the truth, Ursula," he repeated, "and you're darned well going to give it to me. And as for not caring about this play, I care what happens to it. I've put my good money into it. Did you or did you not give Michael any such promise?"

She looked away from him. She was nervous and frightened.

"Well, maybe I hinted . . . Oh Tom, don't hold it against me! He kept urging his love upon me, begging me to marry him . . . I—I didn't know what to say."

"So you shilly-shallied and put him off with fair promises?" he said grimly. "I understand, Ursula." His hands dropped from her shoulders and he moved towards the door. "Wait for me here after the show. I may be a little late, but I'll be back." He opened the door and closed it after him.

She sat down before the dressing-table. She was trembling. She had never been quite so frightened in her life. She knew that everyone back-stage, and nearly everyone in the audience, for that matter, would be talking about that paragraph before the evening was over. And it wasn't pleasant to be branded as the sort of woman who had let a man down simply because his play had flopped.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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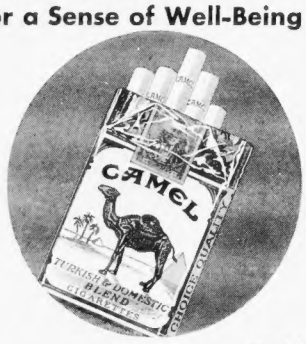

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How to Make Good Candies

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THERE are candies for all and each occasion, those which are simple and informal, let us say, or those sweets which seem rightly to belong to the more formal hospitality of afternoon tea, the buffet, or even the dinner. Candies to hang on the tree or to stuff into stocking, candies to munch, or those which must be lifted daintily, candies very rich, less rich, and those with very little sugar.

Then, too, we have candies divided roughly into these classes, as to their types or method of making:

1—**Fondant or center "cream"** for many fancy and dipped chocolates and bonbons, or "filled" candies.

2—**Fudges, penuches,** etc.

3—**Brittles,** like peanut-brittle, thin and crackly.

4—**Taffies,** which must be pulled, like molasses taffies.

5—**Uncooked fruit** mixtures kneaded with sugar, nut, and sugared.

6—**Special novelties.**

An entire book could be written (indeed many have been) on the arts and tricks of handling sugars into confections. The chemical makeup of any sugar is very complex and it must be remembered that it is greatly and immediately affected by moisture, by changes in temperature, and by mechanical handling such as beating, stirring, etc.

First, do not attempt to make perfect candies on any rainy, muggy or rainy day unless you have an air and humidity controlled room in which to work. Moisture in the air decidedly affects the changes from sugar into syrups.

Second, in order to check changes in temperature while cooking, plan to buy a reliable and special candy thermometer. This is obtainable at any good housewares department. The thermometer, often made of copper, has a clamp which fits to the side of the saucepan so that its lower end is inserted in the hot cooking syrup. Only with a thermometer can one be really accurate and sure that the consistency of the syrup has reached the particular stage at which certain changes in its consistency are evident.

Last, beware of mechanical handling, as with stirring, beating, etc., unless the temperature is that process is at the right point or degree of heat or cold. Thus "Why does my fudge get grainy instead of smooth and creamy?" is a question often asked about candy-making. The answer is to be found on the point of temperature; fudge or a similar candy, stirred or beaten while still hot, will always become coarse and sugary, whereas if one waits until the bottom of the pan is just warm to the touch of the hand, the crystals will form rapidly—and thus give a fine and velvety consistency.

The only "secret" in making fine-grained fudge or similar candy, is to wait until the fudge has cooled, before beating it. Another instance of mistaken handling is to try and "scrape out the pan" of some mixture, piling the last morsels on top of that which has been poured out previously. There has been just a second's interval in time, but enough to make the leavings "go to sugar" when scraped hard with the spoon.

All utensils should be carefully assembled in clean condition on the table, before starting any work. The kitchen scales are more accurate on many candies than the more common "cup" method of measurement. Avoid open windows or any draughts around the cooking center. sugar is a most temperamental ingredient. Have the saucepan or cooking vessel much larger than would seem necessary, as cooking syrup tends to puff up and overflow, especially is this true of molasses.

An aluminum saucepan with flat bottom and good fire unit and handle is an excellent candy cooker. For many of the brittles a good old-fashioned iron skillet in the right metal and the best utensil.

Now, a word about a few of the additional ingredients so often called for in candy recipes. Cream of tartar, corn syrup or glucose, gelatine, etc. It will be seen at once that each of these is what we call a "sugar stabilizer," that is, they prevent the sugar crystals from becoming granular too markedly or too rapidly.

For the tendency of sugar is always to return to its natural "granular" chemical crystal, and everything must be done to prevent this. Just as in making fine-textured ice cream, we must urge the sugar crystals to form rapidly, so when they will be fine rather than to form sandy, when they will surely be coarse.

Corn syrup, especially white corn syrup, is often added to counteract this crystallizing tendency of all syrup. We use it in fondant, and in many other "creams," candies, etc.

Fondant, or the soft, white rubbery and creamy paste which is the heart of so many fancy candies, is not difficult to make. Fondant is the base of all chocolate "creams" or any bonbon center. Perfect fondant must have a creamy and never a granular texture. It must be made at least 24 hours (and may be made more than a week) previous to use. On standing in an airtight jar it becomes softer and more easily kneaded. Keeping fondant in an airtight glass jar is called "ripening."

There are two main kinds of fondant, the simple water fondant, and the richer cooked or so-called cream fondant. Here is a recipe for each type, and also suggestions which will enable anyone to make scientific delicious fondant and a variety of filled and dipped bonbons from it.

Simple Water Fondant: 2 cups granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons light corn syrup, ¾ cup boiling water, grains salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Use aluminum 2-quart saucepan. Place first four ingredients in pan and set over low flame, stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Then cover and cook 3 minutes. Remove cover and continue cooking without stirring until the soft ball stage (240 degrees F.). During cooking wash down sides of pan with fork wrapped in damp cloth to remove all sugar crystals. At once pour fondant on cold, wet platter or table top (cool in lukewarm (110 degrees F.) and work with broad spatula until white and creamy. Knead with hands until smooth. Stand uncovered until cold. Wrap in waxed paper and store in tight jar in cool place for 24 hours before using. Makes about 1 pound of fondant.

Richer Cream Fondant: 2 cups granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon light corn syrup, ½ cup heavy cream, ¾ cup milk, grains salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Proceed exactly as for plain water fondant.

And how to use this all-easily foundation.

To give interest and added flavor to the cream base, we add such ingredients as finely-chopped nutmeats, chopped preserved ginger, minced candied cherries, dates, raisins, etc. Good flavors are wild cherry, colored a light pink, peppermint, colored light green, orange flavor and orange color, etc. In adding these to the original fondant, first divide the original 1 pound of fondant into 4 parts or 4 rolls. Slice or cut each roll crosswise in nine portions. Then take each section and flatten it out like a small cookie. Now add the drop of flavor and the chopped nuts or fruit to this cookie, and knead with the hands. Mix thoroughly, and then shape the mass into small drops, rolls or balls. In this final form the fondant is ready for its coating of chocolate, if this is to be given.

How to Dip or Coat Chocolates: Very briefly, these are the three important steps.

1—Select the right brand of semi-sweet cooking chocolate made especially for chocolate and candy dipping.

2—Dip in a room about 60 to 70 degrees temperature, with no steam and no direct draughts.

3—Keep stirring thoroughly and continuously the chocolate while it is being melted over hot water and while the centers are being dipped. This insures a rich glossy coating.

Drop a fondant center into the warm melted chocolate, remove with a broad, long fork and lay on wax racks to cool and harden.

Home-made Delicious French Creams: The basis of these rich and luxurious confections is a fondant which has previously been flavored with chocolate. Then dip in a thin layer of dipping chocolate, and finally roll, at once, in cocoanut, or in finely-minced nutmeats. Chopped pistachio nuts make a delicious and contrasting covering on a French cream.

Fudge at Its Finest: As was said at the beginning of this article, the one secret of all fudges is to let the mix cool considerably before starting to beat it. All too often the hungry and anxious enthusiast will start to beat it as soon as it reaches the soft ball stage, but this makes the fudge granular. The mixture also should include some corn syrup to counteract the granular tendency. The moment the mixture begins to lose its bright lacquered gloss, while it is being beaten, pour it into the pan. Other fudge mixtures are the center-creamy base of those candies known as "grand operas," and also all the penuches, which are among the most delicious of informal candies. The addition of marshmallows cut and quartered to the pan before the fudge is poured over, makes an additional layer with a pleasing consistency.

Gelatin Candies Which Recall the Orient's Fruit Pastes: The use of gelatin, sugar, and strong flavors such as lemon, orange, clove, or cinnamon, combine to approximate the delicate jelly candies familiar to the Oriental. These candies are transparent, or translucent, and with a semi-solid texture which is most enjoyable to eat. They should be brightly colored, and if red or green, will give an added holiday touch to any dish or table where they are used. Gelatin, also, in many other candy mixes, adds that necessary smoothness. Dissolved gelatin may be added to fudge, caramels, fudge and various "creams" where it is the equivalent of corn syrup.

Taffy and pull it all you can: The large group of "pulling candies" or taffy is always popular as a party entertainment for children or young folks. It is at once the simplest and least expensive sweet of all. The few ingredients of sugar, molasses, vinegar, etc., are boiled until the mixture becomes brittle when tried in cold water. At the end of the cooking add the pinch of baking soda which will make the mixture light-colored, spongy and porous in texture. Cool slightly, then pull hard, adding the extract or flavoring during the pulling. This is the type of candy so often seen at fairs and resorts, where by machinery a huge braid of candy is "hooked" over and over again, becoming constantly more platinum blonde during the process. Pull candy into a thin rope, and cut with buttered shears. Wrap pieces in waxed paper and keep cool.

Nuts are a frequent addition to all candies. Be sure they are fresh and clean, with all brown and bitter shell blanched away. To blanch nuts for confectionery use, cover with boiling water and let stand 3 to 5 minutes. Rub off skins, dry, and wipe well. To saute, lay in hot butter and turn constantly until lightly brown. Nutmeats should be cut or chopped, left neither too fine nor too coarse. A small glass nut-cutter device makes quick work of this task.

Other specialties are the fruit pastes, made of dried fruits, rolled in powdered sugar, shaped in rolls or pieces. Fruit peels may be dipped in chocolate and then rolled in chocolate "shot" or minced nuts. Crystallized ginger and pineapple make delectable tidbits for the candy-maker when covered with flavored fondant. What is left of a pan of chocolate dipping may be scraped down and added to whole peanuts, pecans and raisins, thus making clusters or delicious mouthfuls of chocolate-coated fruit.

Thus, candies carefully made of choice ingredients, will surely carry Christmas cheer, both within and without the home. They make novel place-cards or fillers for nut-cups and stockings, they may be packed into small colored sacks to be tied on the tree, they are an always ready refreshment during the entire holiday season.

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THE WASHER WON'T GET THEM WHITE, SO I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM A GOOD SCRUB AND BOIL!
NONSENSE! IT'S THAT OLD SLOW-POKE SOAP YOU'RE USING. WAIT —I'LL GET SOME OXYDOL.

5 MINUTES LATER
BUT ISN'T THAT ONE OF THE HARSH "NO-SCRUB" GRANULATED SOAPS? I TRIED ONE ONCE, AND IT ALMOST RUINED MY HANDS.
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD—THIS IS A NEW KIND THE IVORY SOAP PEOPLE MAKE. IT'S SAFE AS CAN BE—YET IT GETS CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER.
OXYDOL

LOOK—THESE SHIRTS ARE JUST SPARKLING WHITE—AND THE WASHER'S BEEN GOING NO TIME AT ALL!
AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW OXYDOL WORKS ON COLORED THINGS! ACTUALLY—IT SEEMS TO BRIGHTEN THE COLORS INSTEAD OF FADE THEM!

A FEW DAYS LATER
HONEY, YOU'RE A WONDER. THESE SHIRTS ARE WHITE AS SNOW!
IT'S A NEW SOAP I'VE FOUND, CALLED OXYDOL, THAT WORKS WONDERS IN THE WASHING MACHINE. AND IT LEAVES MY HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH AS SILK!

GUARANTEED! CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER . . . IN TUB OR MACHINE

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MAPLEINE

Our Readers' Favorite Christmas Cakes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Lady Baltimore Cake (Maryland).

CREAM 1 cup butter and add 2 cups sugar gradually, beating constantly. Mix and sift 3½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 1 cup milk to butter mixture. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 6 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into three buttered and floured layer-cake pans and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees. Put together with raisin and nut filling and cover top and sides with raisin and nut filling and then with favorite white frosting. For raisin and nut filling: Mix 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water in saucepan; bring to boiling point and boil until syrup spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Pour gradually, while beating constantly, on 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Continue beating until mixture is of right consistency to spread. Add 1 cup raisins, 1 cup broken pecan meats and 3 shredded figs.

Economy Fruit Cake (Ohio).

CREAM ½ cup lard, add 1 cup sugar gradually and beat until smooth and creamy. Add 1 beaten egg. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 1 cup hot water to the first mixture. Add 1 cup chopped dates and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Turn into buttered cake pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at 350 degrees.

Old Plantation Christmas Cookies (By Request).

MIX 1 pound lard, 2 cups sugar and 1 quart molasses or honey. Melt over hot water but do not allow to boil. Beat well. Cool. Add 2 cups chopped nuts and 2 cups chopped raisins. Mix and sift 5 quarts flour with 5 teaspoons cinnamon, 2½ teaspoons cloves, 2 teaspoons soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 2 cups sour milk to the first mixture. Chill in refrigerator overnight. Roll thin and cut out. Place on greased baking sheets and bake until delicately browned at 350 degrees. Store in airtight jars. This recipe will make dozens of cookies.

Lemon Cocoanut Cake (California).

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 2 cups sugar slowly and beat until smooth. Add 4 beaten eggs. Mix and sift 3 cups flour and 6 teaspoons baking-powder. Add alternately with 1 cup milk to the first mixture. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and divide batter. Place ⅓ of the batter in a buttered layer-cake pan and to the other half add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves and 1 teaspoon nutmeg and 1 cup raisins. Place in buttere. layer-cake pan and bake in a moderate oven, or about 325 degrees. Put together with lemon cocoanut filling and cover with favorite white frosting. To make lemon cocoanut filling: Mix 4 tablespoons cornstarch with 1 cup sugar, add 1 cup boiling water slowly, juice and grated rind of 2 lemons and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add 1 grated cocoanut. Cool and spread between layers of cake.

Favorite White Frosting.

MIX 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water and 2 teaspoons white vinegar. Cook until mixture reaches soft ball stage on sugar thermometer, about 240 or 242 degrees. Pour slowly on 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla or a few drops lemon extract and continue beating until firm enough to hold its shape.

Plymouth Ginger Cake (Massachusetts).

CREAM 1 cup butter, and add 1½ cups sifted flour mixed and sifted with 2 tablespoons ginger and mix well. Add 1½ cups powdered sugar to 5 well-beaten egg yolks. Combine mixtures, fold in 5 stiffly-beaten egg whites and sift 1 teaspoon baking-powder over the batter. Beat well. Turn into a buttered, deep cake pan and bake in a moderately slow oven about 1 hour or until delicately browned and firm.

Dried Apple Cake (Alabama).

STEW 2 cups dried apples just long enough to become tender. Chop in pieces as large as raisins. Simmer until thick in 2 cups molasses. Drain off molasses and add to it 1 cup butter, 1 cup sour milk and 2 beaten eggs. Mix well. Add 4 cups flour sifted with 2 teaspoons soda, ½ teaspoon mace, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and a grating of nutmeg. Add the chopped dried apples. Turn into two buttered and floured loaf pans and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 or 360 degrees.

White Fruit Cake (Georgia).

CREAM ½ cup butter, add gradually 1¼ cups sifted flour mixed and sifted with ¼ teaspoon soda and then beat in ½ tablespoon lemon juice. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff, add 1¼ cups powdered sugar and gently combine mixtures. Add ⅔ cup sliced candied cherries, ⅓ cup shredded citron and ⅓ cup shredded blanched almonds. Flavor with ¾ teaspoon lemon extract. Turn into paper-lined buttered cake-pan and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, about 1 hour.

Old-Fashioned English Sugar Plum Cake (Idaho).

CREAM 1 pound butter, add 1 pound light brown sugar and beat thoroughly. Add 9 well-beaten egg yolks. Fold in 9 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Add 2 tablespoons brandy, 2 pounds raisins, 1 pound shredded citron, 3 pounds currants, and ¼ pound shredded blanched almonds and 1 pound flour sifted with 1½ teaspoons mace, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon and 1 teaspoon soda. Turn into buttered deep pans and bake in a slow oven, or at about 250 degrees. Let stand in pans until cold.

Steamed Pudding (Illinois).

CREAM ½ pound butter, add 1 cup sugar and beat well. Add 2 beaten eggs and juice and grated rind of ½ lemon. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, and 3 teaspoons baking-powder. Add 1½ cups milk alternately with 1 cup of the flour. Mix the remaining flour with ½ pound currants, ¾ pound raisins and ½ pound sliced citron. Combine with pudding mixture. Add 1 quart stale bread crumbs and 3 cups chopped apples. Turn into buttered pudding mold, steam about 5 hours and serve with lemon cream sauce.

Pound Cake (Kentucky).

CREAM 1 pound butter, add 1 pound sifted granulated sugar and beat until smooth and light. Add 10 well-beaten egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Add 1 pound sifted pastry flour, mixing with hand. Fold in 10 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Flavor with 1½ teaspoons vanilla or ½ teaspoon mace and 2 tablespoons brandy. Turn into a buttered tube pan. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding (Ohio).

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sugar gradually and beat until creamy. Add 2 beaten eggs. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 1 cup hot water to the first mixture. Add 1 cup chopped dates and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Turn into buttered cake pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at 350 degrees.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*(Company)*
Whole Wheat Cereal, Minced Ham Omelet, Graham Biscuits, Coffee.	Grapes, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, French Toast, Tropical Fruit Marmalade, Coffee.	Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Pears or Prunes, Cereal, Poached Eggs in Cream, Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Creamed Dried Beef, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Sausage Omelet, Hot Scotch Scones, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Macaroni and Cheese, Steamed Tomatoes, Baked Stuffed Apples, Tea with Lemon.	Cream of Potato Soup, Wafers, Asparagus Salad, Swedish Bread, Apple Jelly, Cocoa.	Spanish Soufflé, Cream Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, String Bean and Radish Salad, Canned Peach Shortcakes, Tea.	Pork and Beans, Celery and Lettuce Salad, Los Angeles French Dressing, Orange Tuile.	Calves Liver and Bacon en Brochette, Buttered Noodles, Tomato Jelly Salad, Apple Pie.	Liver and Bacon en Brochette, Buttered Noodles, Tomato Jelly Salad, Apple Pie, Custard.	Clear Vegetable Soup, Roast Chicken, Giblet Gravy, Steamed Rice, Corn Fritters, Cranberry Relish, Asparagus Salad, Chives Dressing, Fruit Bavarian, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Roast Sirloin Tip, Brown Gravy, Horseradish or Mustard Sauce, Francoise Potatoes, Baked Carrots, Pumpkin Pie Spread with Honey or Plum Jam and Whipped Cream.	Grapefruit with Pineapple Cubes, Broiled Beef Balls, Potatoes on Half-Shell, Spinach with Lemon, Ice Box Rolls, Peppermint-Chocolate Ice Box Cake.	Veal Cutlets in Casserole, Steamed Rice, Glazed Onions, Fried Eggplant, Romaine or Watercress Salad, Savory French Dressing, Fruit Jelly with Custard Sauce.	Stuffed Beef Heart, String Beans, Sweet Potatoes, Grated Raw Turnip and Shredded Cabbage Salad, Tapioca Cream.	Broiled Halibut, Creamed Potatoes, Club Sauce, Cole Slaw, Pineapple Poinsettia Cake.	Corn Soup with Popcorn, Baked Meat Hash, Spinach with Egg, Delicious Chocolate Bread Pudding.	Tomato Juice (Hot or Cold), Cornmeal Waffles, Butter, Syrup, Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3565. PRINCESS LINES LIVEN THIS SPORTY LITTLE FROCK OF DISTINCTIVE TOUCHES. SMART IN COTTON-TWEED! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3547. THIS BECOMING SHIRT-WAISTER IS GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU LOOK PENCIL-SLIM! YOU'VE CHOICE OF SLEEVE LENGTHS. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3568. "CHANGE-ABOUT" IS THE MOTTO OF THIS VERSATILE JUNIOR'S JUMPER, WHICH MAY VARY ITS DAINTY BLOUSES. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 12 jumper requires 2¼ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse requires 1⅓ yards 36-inch contrasting.

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